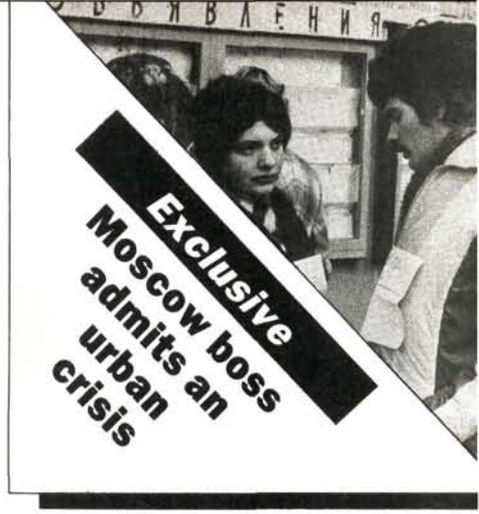
NEW STATESMAN
7 November 1986 IR£1.34 US$1.50 By Air 90p

Yuppiestairs downstairs; Kinnock on Europe
Hennessy on permanent government; BBC & the Far Right
Caribbean writers; Yorkshire ripper; Joe Orton



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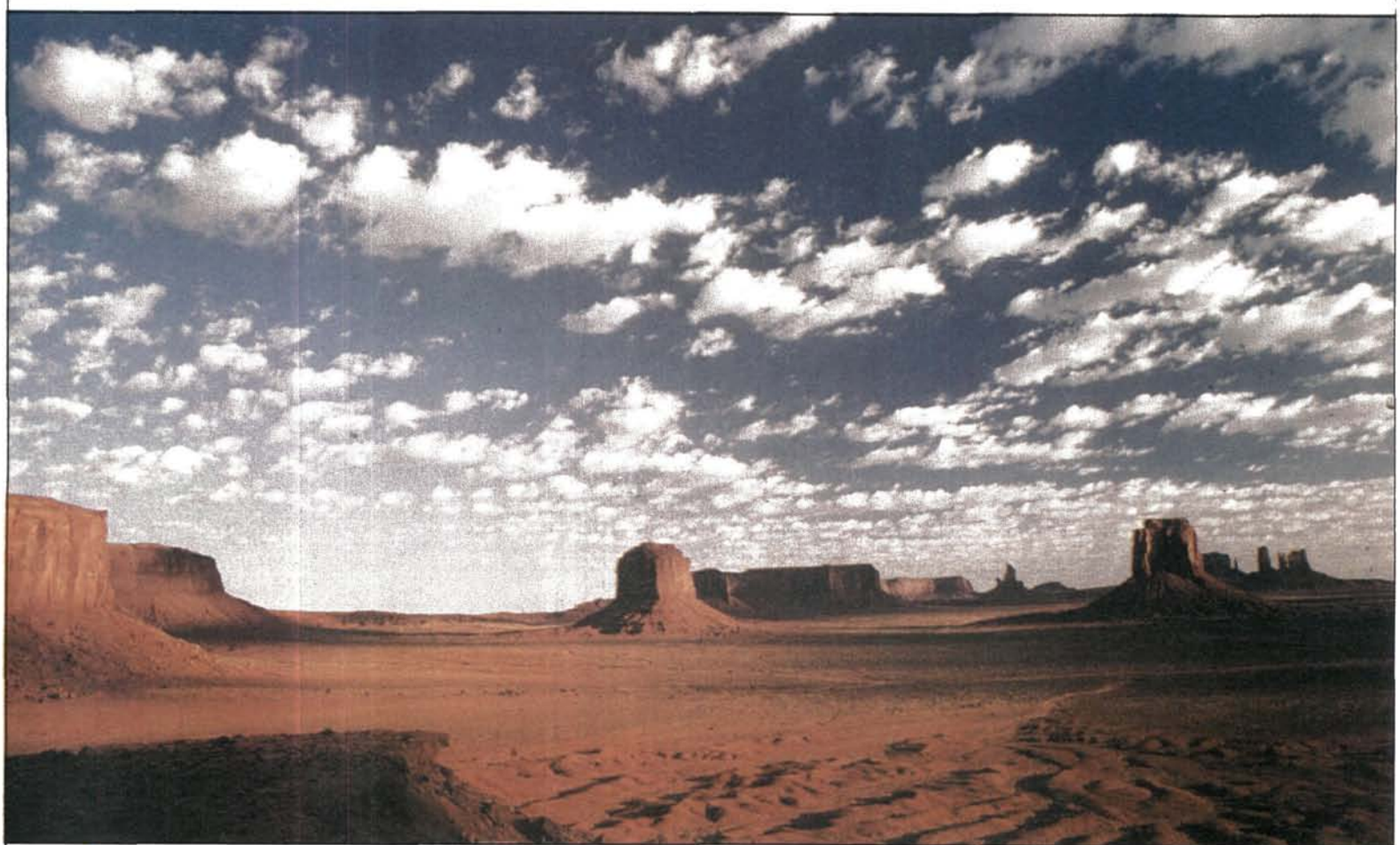

'Oh, the desert areas. . . . a lot of people could live very normal lives there, whether we approve of the way they got the disease or not'

Lyndon LaRouche

Photo: Rex Features

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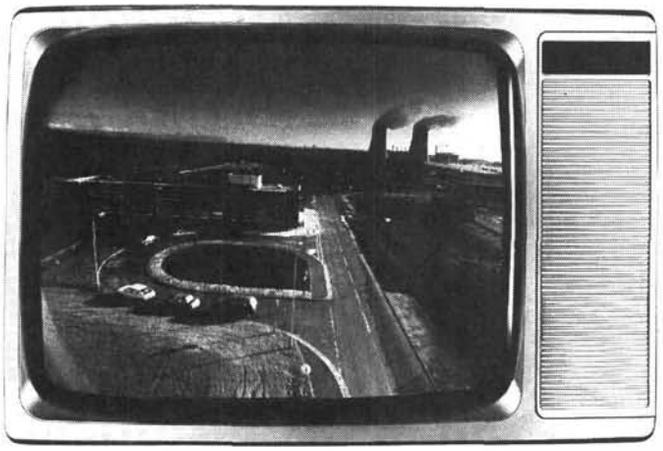

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We, the undersigned, wish to express our deep concern over the Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA) ruling which permits pro-nuclear television advertising by British Nuclear Fuels PLC while denying access to the same medium to the environmental pressure group Greenpeace, which has expressed opposition to nuclear power on environmental, safety and economic grounds.

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Please send this coupon to

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol 112 No 2902 7 November 1986

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NEXT WEEK

A 'war on crime' will be declared once more in the Queen's speech: but it's a war no government, or party, or police force knows how to win. SARAH BENTON reports

Take it off, Neil

Memo to: Neil Kinnock
Re: The Archers
Not Jeffrey: the radio Archers. Why is your office not flooding the BBC's incoming chairman Duke Hussey with closely argued spleen on this 35-year-old programme? It attracts an audience of 5m a week, goes out twice a day (one a repeat from the previous evening) and has an hour-long omnibus programme on peak listening Sunday mornings.

Only pressure of work can have prevented you from observing how biased this programme is against the left, and against all left values. Its one-time patriarch, Dan Archer, died earlier this year: he was a farmer in a fairly large way, to be sure, but he had humble beginnings like yourself, and he exemplified community caring. Now, however, the head of the family and thus of the programme is his son Phil, a man for whom business efficiency is a constant concern, and who is generally presented harrying an aged farmworker, Jethro Larkin, or complaining to his family and others how much he pays Jethro — a kind of radio drama equivalent to Nigel Lawson's constant refrain that wages must be cut.

Jethro does not respond by joining a union, or even by grumbling: instead, he calls his boss 'Maaaster Phil', and acted as a legitimiser for Archer's arbitrary and ill-tempered demands on his other worker, Neil Carter. Neil, a young man, *has* got out — but only by becoming a small capitalist in his own right, through running a chicken battery farm.

Either the lower classes are servile, like Jethro — or are shiftless and verging on the criminal, like the Grundys. The Grundys are the programme's encapsulation of the working class, and a grim portrait it is. Joe, the father, is a shiftless, grumbling, envious old reprobate: Eddie, his son, is a chip off the old block, who sings (badly) in a country and western group, collaborates with his father in various unsuccessful fiddles, and mistreats his wife, Clarrie. Clarrie is a 'good' character, who keeps the family and her two children going by endless hard work and, of course, being terribly respectful to the village's (Ambridge) upper class. The Horovins, Neil Carter's brothers-in-law, are also working-class — and therefore, of course, also criminal.

The rising generation is worse. Shula Archer, Phil's daughter, is an estate agent, and is currently winning her spurs by considering firing an old retainer from the estate she manages — a move which even her father finds too much to stomach. She is supported in her Thatcherite approach to life by her husband, a solicitor named Mark, who is a member of the SDP and is clearly of the Owenite wing. Elizabeth, Shula's sister, is a spoiled and reactionary brat whose adolescent cruelties are legitimised by the lower classes who tell each other that she will turn out all right in the end, no doubt because of her breeding.

The only character who you might claim to be on your 'side' is Pat Archer, wife of Tony Archer (another farmer) who is Phil Archer's nephew. Pat is Welsh, like yourself and your wife (on whom she may be modelled), and is a supporter of unilateralism and women's liberation — for which she attracts universal derision and mockery. Tony, a whining pillock of a man, receives widespread sympathy for his wife's occasional absences at meetings.

Another pillar of the community is Walter Gabriel, an ancient who receives all the inequities of life with a patient shrug like the lower classes should: his son, Nelson, another petty capitalist, runs a wine bar in the market town Borchester.

Big capital is of course given its place in the form of Jack Wooley, owner of the Grey Gables Hotel: however, Wooley is nouveau riche, and is the target of covert prejudice by the superior classes in the village. His long-suffering assistant, Caroline Bone, is one such, whose better manners are constantly contrasted with his crudeness: Caroline has had an adulterous affair with Brian Aldridge, husband of Tony Archer's sister Jennifer, who has recently discovered it and who wrecks any possibility of women's solidarity by being made to throw a series of tantrums.

The one trade unionist, Mike Tucker, has recently gone bankrupt. Government policies towards rural areas are never mentioned: the axeing of rural bus routes might never have happened, since the ruling class all have cars and keep down lower class disaffection by giving them lifts. The destruction of our industrial infrastructure is simply censored from all conversations in The Bull, the Ambridge pub: the working-class pub, the Cat and Fiddle is referred to but never visited, no doubt in fear of the discontent which must seethe there.

Action: we strongly urge a complaint from yourself to Hussey. We can prepare dossiers on the production and editorial staff of the Archers, whom we suspect were recruited in the 1920s when the reactionary tide was running strongly in higher education (see the number of students who kept public transport going during the General Strike). We think we can show that some of the present Archers team worked on the Zinoviev letter. I think we can collect enough to put the frighteners on the BBC before the next general election: and we must scrap it on coming to power. □

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FAST WITH OXFAM NOVEMBER 7/8/9

IF YOU GAVE to Live Aid, ran for Sport Aid, or contributed to any of the appeals for Africa during the last two years, you should know that famine relief alone cannot solve the problems of world hunger.

We need effective aid which puts the real needs of the poor first. And we need international action to solve the debt crisis. Unless we improve the Terms of Trade in favour of poor countries, hunger and poverty will continue to increase and more famine will follow.

SCANDAL

Over the weekend of November 7–9 Oxfam will be exposing a scandal to the British public, and we need you to help us.

Did you know that for every £1 that we gave to Africa last year through Government and voluntary donations the West took back £2 in debt payments?

So while we ran, sang and appealed for money for African countries caught in the grip of famine, our governments, our financial institutions and our banks were extracting debt payments from those same countries. By the end of the year these amounted to £5,000 million exactly **twice as much** as the money the world gave in relief aid!

FAST FOR CHANGE

On November 7, 8 and 9 we'll be **Fasting For Change** to raise urgently needed funds for our development work overseas. At the same time we will be saying to our government:

- **It's time to end the scandal of the debt crisis.**
- **It's time for fair trade.**
- **It's time for aid that PREVENTS hunger.**
- **It's time for us to become part of the solution instead of part of the problem.**

Please join us. **We need you** — your voice, your support, your compassion. **Fill in the coupon now. Send off for your copy of Oxfam's report *'For Richer For Poorer'* and ask for details of the Fast Weekend.**

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FAST WITH OXFAM THIS WEEKEND

FOR FAST DETAILS PHONE 01-993 0366

Oxfam works with poor people in their struggle against hunger, disease, exploitation and poverty in Africa, Asia, Latin-America and the Middle East through relief, development, research and public education.

Ethical pensions

Pension funds *can* be socially useful: the law permits it. This discovery, publicised earlier this week, could revolutionise the world of pension fund investment, especially those funds controlled by local authorities.

Barry Quirk, chairman of the Pension and Investments Research Centre — established by the local authorities — told a conference on Monday that councils *had* to direct their pension fund managers: under the terms of the 1972 Local Government Act, they could delegate their functions of control, as many presently do. Further, the conditions under which pension funds must be managed lay down that (a) councils must seek professional advice; (b) must diversify investment; and (c) must make no investment worth more than 5 per cent of the fund.

In short, nothing in law or in the regulations which lays down that funds must be run for the maximum short-term gain; nothing which stops councils and others making socially useful investments.

Not that these need be at the expense of profit. Friends' Provident Trust, which bases its portfolio on a list of socially acceptable companies, has out-performed the stock market over the last two years. ●

Quite nice

The Young Social Democrats, yet to set the world alight, sound nice. Chris Benfield, one of their number, writes to the *NS* that their national conference last weekend was held in the upstairs room of a Manchester pub called the Mersey Lights, which is, he says, 'not a bad place to check if your car has been unexpectedly borrowed. It is not the roughest pub in town, but it is not very David Owen, either.'

The 60 delegates of a 1,300-strong membership are terribly serious-minded and upright. When racy Bedfordshire YSDs put down a motion wondering why some Liberals seem determined to keep losing elections, they get ticked off. 'I do not believe,' says one applauded speaker, 'that any party has the right to slag off another party in such a cynical manner.' ●

Sick of Vauxhall

Vauxhall Motors has an absentee problem at its Luton plant: every Monday and Friday, some 12 out of every 100 line workers are absent from work, losing the company an estimated £7m a year. Nearly all claim they are sick, but Vauxhall doesn't believe it: 80 have been sacked, and it is counselling others.

David Young, the company personnel manager, blames the 'individualism' of the Luton workers: he contrasts them unfavourably with their colleagues at the company's Ellesmere Port Plant, where a 'collective discipline' exerts pressure on the production workers to keep them at their posts rather than load their colleagues with extra work.

Does this mean collective values are making a comeback? ●

COUNCIL SCOREBOARD

25 September

Salford DC	CON GAIN (Lib)
Gloucs CC	CON GAIN (Lab)
Stroud DC	CON GAIN (Lab)
Herts CC	Lab hold
Herts CC	Lab hold
Watford DC	Lab hold
Stevenage DC	SDP hold
Stevenage DC	SDP hold
Gedling DC	Con hold
South Beds DC	Con hold
Epsom & Ewell DC	Ind hold

2 October

Malvern Hills DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Gwynedd CC	PC GAIN (Ind)
Cherwell DC	Lab hold
Thamesdown DC	Lab hold
Perth & Kinross DC	Lab hold
East Lothian DC	Lab hold
Bournemouth DC	Con hold
Bournemouth DC	Con hold

9 October

Harborough DC	LIB GAIN (Ind)
Somerset CC	CON GAIN (Lib)
Cumbernauld DC	SNP GAIN (Lab)
Gwynedd CC	PC GAIN (Lab)
Aberdeen DC	Lab hold
Calderdale DC	Lab hold
Avon CC	Lab hold
Avon CC	Lab hold
Angus DC	Con hold
North Yorks CC	Con hold
West Sussex CC	Con hold
Preston DC	Con hold

16 October

Braintree DC	CON GAIN (Ind)
Salisbury DC	CON GAIN (Ind)
Gillingham DC	Lib hold

23 October

Babergh DC	LIB GAIN (Ind)
Blackburn DC	LIB GAIN (Lab)
Blackburn DC	Con hold
Lancashire CC	Con hold
Bucks CC	Con hold
Bucks CC	Con hold
North Wilts DC	Con hold
Cheshire CC	Lab hold

30 October

Sedgmore DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Wilts CC	CON GAIN (SDP)
Malvern Hills DC	CON GAIN (Lib)
Bridgnorth DC	CON GAIN (Lib)
Fife Reg	Lab hold
Mid-Suffolk DC	Con hold
Avon CC	Con hold

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PETER KELLNER

Dog days for the two Davids — and why that's bad for Labour

FROM TIME to time politicians cornered by an awkward opinion poll result are apt to reply: 'I never take much notice of surveys like that. What I am interested in are real votes cast by real people'. Such sentiments are most likely to be expressed when there has been a suddern adverse change in the polls. And, even for polling buffs like myself, it is on these occasions that local election results are most eagerly awaited, so that we can answer the question: are voters out there really behaving like the pollsters say they are?

This is one such occasion. Six Thursdays have passed since the Liberal Assembly decided by a majority of 27 to defy David Steel and vote against co-operation on nuclear weapons with other countries. Since then every opinion poll has shown a sharp swing from the Alliance to the Conservatives; the latest poll, conducted last weekend by Harris for TV-am, shows the Conservatives (40 per cent) four points ahead of Labour (36), with the Alliance down to 21 per cent.

It was not inevitable that this swing would be reflected at local level. What Malvern Hills District Council decides has little impact on the government's defence policy. If the theory held that local issues dominate local elections, while national issues count in Parliamentary elections, then it would be reasonable to expect the Alliance to continue to make steady gains in local by-elections whatever troubles the two Davids have in deciding whether and if so how Britain should replace Polaris.

In fact the results from local by-elections during the past six weeks offer durable testimony to the impact of national voting attitudes on local voting behaviour. There has been a sharp swing back to the Conservatives. Indeed, in terms of gains-and-losses, the Conservatives have had their best spell since the 1983 general election, while both Labour and the Alliance have had their worst.

The tables below show the figures. For the first time since the Falklands War, the Conservatives have made a significant number of net gains. Labour, unusually, made no gains at all, while the Alliance — even more unusually — lost as many seats as it gained.

The voting movements since the summer tell much the same story. Compared with our last analysis, which covered the period from early July to mid-September, the Conservatives have gained nine percentage points, while Labour has lost two and the Alliance eight.

Some individual results can be explained by special circumstances. The SDP's loss in Wiltshire's Chippenham Park ward last week might have something to do with the cocaine-induced cloud under which its previous councillor resigned. The Alliance tried to rescue the ward by putting up a Liberal, rather than SDP, candidate to fight the by-election. To no avail: an Alliance majority of 55 in May last year was converted into a Tory majority of 168 this time.

Wiltshire's result, however, was by no means isolated. The weight of results from all parts of England shows the Conservatives making a steady advance. (I use 'England' advisedly: there is no evidence from the results we have collected that the Tories are making similar advances north or west of the borders.)

THESE RESULTS demonstrate something I have argued before and, doubtless, shall have to argue again. However much Labour enthusiasts dislike the Alliance in general and the SDP in particular, it is good news for Labour when the Alliance does well and bad for Labour when the Alliance does badly.

In our by-elections survey, as in the opinion polls, there has been little change in Labour's support. (The party consistently underperforms in by-elections: that is something to worry about, but it is not new.) The reason why Labour lost seats rather than gained them is explained overwhelmingly by the sudden change in the distribution of the anti-Labour vote. The point is simply illustrated. Take a seat where Labour wins 40 per cent of the vote. (It makes no difference whether it is a local council ward or a Parliamentary constituency.) If the remaining vote divides Conservative 35, Alliance 25, then Labour wins. If it divides Conservative 45, Alliance 15, then the Tories win.

'Pie-on-earth or pie-in-the-sky?'

What has happened since September is that the Tories have gained on two fronts. They have made net gains from the Alliance (5 gains, 2 losses) and also from Labour (2 gains, no losses). Both sets of gains, however, have been essentially the result of the same electoral process — the swing back from Alliance to Tory.

The same thing could happen at a general election. Let us suppose that Labour wins 38 per cent of the vote, while 60 per cent vote Tory or Alliance (leaving 2 per cent 'others'). Then, assuming uniform swings throughout Britain, these are some of the permutations in terms of seats:

Labour		Conservative		Alliance	
Votes %	Seats	Votes %	Seats	Votes %	Seats
38	278	42	341	18	10
38	288	40	324	20	16
38	296	38	308	22	22
38	304	36	295	24	27
38	317	34	277	26	31
38	330	30	228	30	67
38	334	28	194	32	96
38	335	26	137	34	152
38	325	24	81	36	218

As those figures show, the same Labour vote makes a difference of up to 60 seats, depending on how the rest of the vote divides. If the Alliance wins only 18 per cent (its average figure in the three latest polls) and the Tories reach 42 per cent, then Mrs Thatcher is back in Downing Street with an overall majority of 32. But if the Conservatives and the Alliance share the non-Labour vote with 30 per cent each, then Labour has an overall majority of 10 (over all other parties).

From Labour's view, the optimum Alliance vote is 30-34 per cent: if the Alliance wins less, then the Tories hold on to marginals Labour hopes to win; if the Alliance wins more, then Liberal and SDP candidates start winning seats from Labour in significant numbers.

Even if the Alliance does not reach such heights, it is important for Labour that the Alliance recovers to at least the mid-20s. An advance from 18 to 26 per cent at the expense of the Tories would mean an extra 21 Alliance MPs — but almost twice as many extra Labour seats (39).

An alternative way of looking at Labour's need for the Alliance to perk up is to ask, for any given Alliance vote, what does Labour need for victory? If the Alliance obtains just 18 per cent, Labour needs 42 per cent for an overall majority. But if the Alliance climbs to 28 per cent, then Labour needs only just over 38 per cent. The difference between 38 and 42 per cent does not seem much; but all the polling evidence from the last three years suggests that it's the difference between pie-on-earth and pie-in-the-sky. The party has often reached 38 per cent, but seldom obtains much more. I am aware of only two polls out of the 120-plus that have been published since Neil Kinnock became leader that put Labour at 42 per cent or more.

As things stand, the Conservatives have the most reason to be content. They need the Alliance to do badly. The latest opinion polls and local council results suit Norman Tebbit very well. If this autumn's pattern of support holds until next spring, then an early general election becomes a lot more likely. □

Apres le deluge . . .

In 35 three-cornered contests between 25 September and last week — with candidates from Labour, the Conservatives and the Alliance — almost 70,000 votes were cast. They were distributed as follows:

Conservative	26,379	37.8%
Labour	21,485	30.8%
Liberal/SDP	19,558	28.0%
Others	2,385	3.4%

Taking all 47 contests into account, these were the gains and losses:

	Seats defended	Seats lost	Seats gained	Seats held now
Con	15	2	9	22
Lab	18	5	0	13
Lib	5	4	5	6
SDP	3	1	0	2
Other	6	5	3	4

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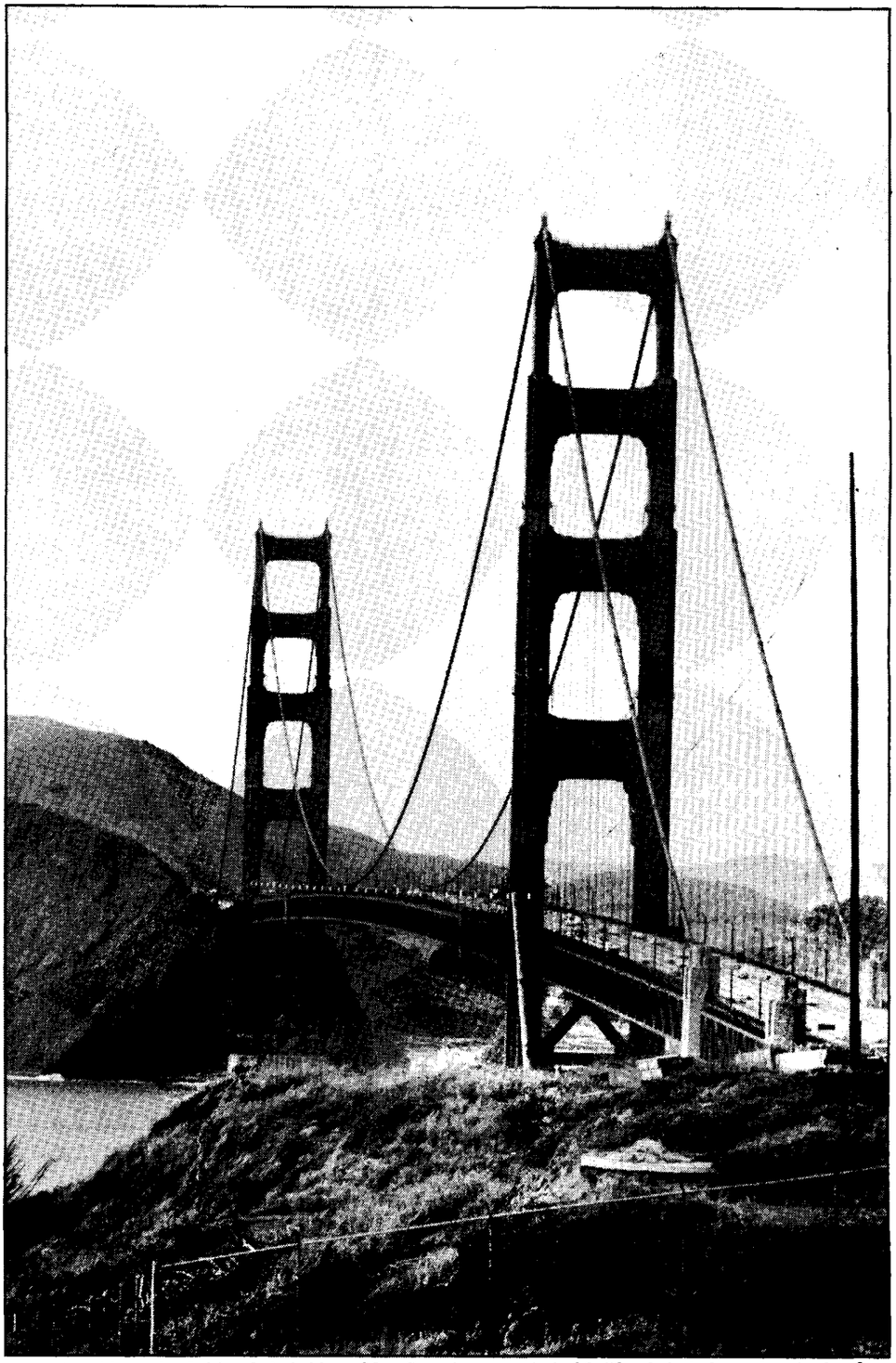
‘A 14th century Black Death type scenario’

This week a British cabinet committee, chaired by Lord Whitelaw, meets for the first time to co-ordinate our own government’s approach to Aids. Simultaneously, California voted against Proposition 64, the ballot organised by supporters of far-right politician Lyndon LaRouche, intended to control and possibly quarantine those who contract the virus. LaRouche, a former Marxist, built up an organisation, the National Democratic Policy Committee, which put Congressmen on the Illinois Democratic ticket and which alarmed both Democrats and Republicans because of its authoritarian rhetoric. LaRouche has also attracted disconcerting, even if outside-runner, support as a possible Presidential candidate. Now under investigation by the FBI and faced with a massive lawsuit, he achieved a new lease of political life on the wave of Aids panic. Here, in the first full-length interview in a British paper, LaRouche expounds his views on Aids, drugs — and the British royal family. **PATRICK FORBES** *interviews LaRouche,* **ANDREW LUMSDEN** *then counts the cost of the kind of controls LaRouche calls for — and which will be, or are already being, touted in other countries besides our own*



Camera Press

Unmistakable — the Golden Gate bridge of San Francisco, symbol of California but also apt metaphor for the ease with which, through the state’s ballot-system, the far-right tries to open the gates to its own programme through public alarm about Aids

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(Note: No medical assertions made by LaRouche in the following interview should be relied on as necessarily correct. They are included verbatim. His use of French findings on the presence of the virus in insects is particularly misleading.)

My first question — how serious a threat is Aids to the USA?
LaRouche: 'Well it's a global epidemic. The problem here is that at the time the former Health Secretary, Mrs Margaret Heckler, was discharged, there was a policy commitment adopted by the administration, that the cost of treating Aids was so exorbitant that best let some fellows die, in the hope that down the pike we'd come up with a vaccine cure. At that time we'd take the measures, but accept the penalty of death of many in the meantime, rather than going through what some people in the administration portray to themselves and others as a futile effort to stop the disease.

But the rate of spread presently seems to be doubling about once every eight months. So we're going very rapidly towards a point of no return in which very drastic, horrible things will be done to stay the disease. If we don't stop it we are faced with something more catastrophic than war.'

You talked about the rate of spread. How do you assume that the Aids virus is passed on?
LaRouche: 'What we're dealing with is a very high infectivity in respect of much lower rates of infectivity.

In the case of the so-called anal intercourse, because there's traumatisation of the tissues, the transmission into the blood system is very immediate. The direct introduction by contaminated needles is again a direct blood transmission. The question then comes into other forms.

What's clear is that there is mechanical transmission by direct blood serum or bits of dropped blood serum, and by biting insects, on condition that the biting insect fulfils certain requirements. We don't know how long the insect's mouth will contain the contaminant, but maybe it's an hour, maybe longer. We know the female mosquito only bites once a day, well perhaps that kind of mosquito is not going to transmit from one person to another. But in general, (with) these frequently biting insects, such as bed bugs, and things of that sort, there's a very high probability of transmission.

Then we look at one other thing, the epidemiology, which helps us to look at the chemical transmission problem. We find in the Florida cases, where we have an environment of very much broken down sanitation, very poor resistance, very low immunological retentions, under-nourished population, combined with very high tropical disease conditions, that this thing spreads like wildfire. Whereas the so-called casual routes or low infectivity routes are much slower where you have good conditions of sanitation.'

How does Proposition 64 deal with the problem of Aids?
LaRouche: 'Proposition 64 does not specify any measures. It merely requires that Aids be treated as a lethal disease, a Class A communicable disease under existing public health law, which merely requires health authorities and medical authorities to make a determination as to precisely what cure, what treatment, what other methods of public health shall be applied to this case. Proposition 64 blows the lid off the attempt to exempt Aids from treatment under Class A commitable disease law.'

AP

Mellifluous and clear, easy in an interview, you can see why LaRouche is the latest of the American far-right to impress backwoods electorates in America — and he has his supporters in Europe too

But the Proposition has attracted opposition from both Republican and Democratic candidates in California, and medical opinion right up to the Surgeon-General. Why have these people attacked the Proposition?
Larouche: 'I think you have to break it down into two groups of opposition. One comes from the sort of Alaistair Crowley, Aldous Huxley type of counter-cultural people who say, speaking of their movement, the rock, sex, drug culture, that they have established legitimacy for this counter culture. But by drawing attention to the fact that homosexuals and drug users are creating a human reservoir of infection in the population, this will lead to the unpopularity of these groups and the counter-culture, and therefore deny them the degree of political influence that they have gained over the past 15 years.

That's one view, and the other which accounts for the official reaction, here I am speaking of the Democrats rather than the Republicans . . . To treat this disease, (when) approximately 1 in every 100 Americans is a carrier, would require billions of dollars. And Regan, the White House Chief of Staff, has made it clear that this would blow the present budgetary programme wide open.'

Now one of the effects of Proposition 64 is to quarantine various risk groups. Where would you have them quarantined?
Larouche: 'If we come to quarantine . . . I am wondering if we are not close to a blocking agent. The first thing is to find out people who are infected, and advise them on how not to transmit the infection to other people. Also to identify them for treatment because the promise is that we can develop blockers and whatnot. If we have to quarantine, we're going to have to commit ourselves to the type of programme we use for tuberculosis, sanatoria.'

High up in the mountains?
LaRouche: 'Oh, the desert areas . . . we used to have these places you know, where people could lead very normal lives, and would get out of a place where there were non-carriers, if they didn't die. We have a lot of land in the United States. Whether we like the ways that some of them acquired the disease or not, they are citizens, they are human beings, and they deserve humane treatment as citizens. There should be no victimisation of them.'

You have talked I notice, in a recent article, of liberals falling into a trap by attacking such measures. How would you define that trap?
LaRouche: 'These fellas who decided they were going to attack me on the issue, and try to defeat Proposition 64 by attacking me. What they've done is to make those who attacked me hated by those who feel threatened by the disease.

We can't keep the lid on this thing the way it's been kept in other states for much longer, the lid's going to blow. The death rate is high, we haven't got the African death rates where you can walk down the street and see people dropping dead. But we're coming toward something in that direction, and people are going to be terrified.

I'm afraid we'll get into a 14th century Black Death type scenario, and then people will go berserk. In the meantime I think that those who have chosen to attack me in this connection will find they are making me in a sense a folk hero.'

Right. But interestingly the latest poll (on Proposition 64) which I've just seen, the San Francisco Examiner Poll commissioned from Teichner Associates, shows that the undecideds are coming down on the side of a no vote. Why do you think the Proposition was so initially popular, and why is the vote swinging against you?
LaRouche: 'I wouldn't trust the polls. In the US as you get down to the election polls tend to become increasingly unreliable because they are published with the purpose of propaganda not as analysis. What the average citizen is saying, is 'keep this thing (Aids) away from my door.'

So is it your bet that it is going to win?
LaRouche: 'I'm not sure, it's touch and go. Six months more and people will wish it had won down the line.'

So what would you advise Europe to do given where Europe is currently in the development of the disease?
LaRouche: 'I think we're going to have to have an international protocol and co-operative efforts particularly on the research side. I'm putting very strong emphasis on accelerating a new field which is advertised under two names generally, one is called non-linear spectroscopy and the other is called optical biophysics.'

Would you be in favour of using these techniques to screen all the population of a

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European country?
LaRouche: 'Oh absolutely, I think we need to treat this as a war, pool the nations together, pool resources and help one another. We need to establish a treaty which under most governments becomes law. This thing could wipe out the human race, so let's treat it accordingly.'

Would you say it was the technique of optical-biophysics that helped you identify the role of the fly in passing on the Aids virus?
LaRouche: 'Well when the Aids problem came on tape in a big way, we looked at it as one of a series of challenges to the most conventional state of the art microbiology. My own work on Remonian physics and economics has been drawn from this area.'

Now — switching focus — you and your organisation have never been so popular, in that Proposition 64 has both attracted a lot of signatures, and has a lot of people voting for it. And yet your organisation has never been more threatened, what with the FBI investigation, and the recent lawsuit against you.
LaRouche: 'Well it's political warfare. It's simple, when you're in politics in the United States, you expect these sort of things, and they increase in proportion to your influence. My policies are viewed as very threatening by a number of people — those who don't like to spend money, some of our bankers, especially banks who are receiving a lot of debits through drug laundry circuits.

It's war, and it won't be decided in the courts.'

You've talked of the influence of drug money on politics. Would you still hold to your reported belief that the Royal family has a role in the 'drug conspiracy'?
LaRouche: 'Well of course, this has been taken so much out of context that the meaning and the purpose of our going at the Royal family has been misunderstood.

The problem is the East India company which got into the business; and then the 1787 Act Of Parliament which legalised the offshore traffic in drugs, and the fact that there has been an historical continuity with the offshore side of things tied to London right down to the present day. We have the same thing in the United States. We have the Eastern establishment; the fellows who came up as partners of the Bristol slave trade, and then moved into the China Opium trade, are still the same fellows on the financial side doing the same thing here — it's the same problem here as it is there.'

On the financial side of the drug traffic do you feel that those with interest still reach up as high as the Royal family?
LaRouche: 'Well I don't like to get too far into the details of the Royal family finances because of sensitivity. But yet there are implications, and I am very concerned about the same things that many in Britain are concerned about, particularly whether the Royal family or at least some members are involved.'

After California, where would you next be directing your efforts in the United States?
LaRouche: 'My view is to push things, as much to opportunities and channels that present themselves. I know what I am trying to do. We have talked about problems in developed countries, Westernised countries, because we are very much more sensitive. In poor countries people are dead and buried, there are no pathologists.

For example Castro pulled a very nasty thing on us. A large number of troops returning from Angola to Cuba had Aids, particularly those who had been working in the Northern areas of Angola. So, partly because they were Cubans who engaged in homosexual practices, Castro rounded them up, put them in prisons, and then shipped them off to the United States as boatpeople. This is one of the vectors for the spread of Aids to these bathhouses, as they are called. Castro paid these people to ship them around to these places where they became male prostitutes.'

What action would you advise in undeveloped countries then?
LaRouche: 'Well as a first thing, public health measures. In these areas such as Central Africa, the average person in an unprotected state endures 200-250 insect bites per day. If you cut down the insect bites by controlling the insects . . . but the control of insects I am not much at liberty to talk about.'

Can you give me an insight?
LaRouche: 'These are all electronic measures . . . And I think that you would find that if the OECD governments, particularly the United States agreed, you would find most governments, except for Idi Amin types . . . begging for help.'

What role would your organisation play in this?
LaRouche: 'Well, you know I cooked up the SDI (Star Wars) and I'm not much prominent in that today, though occasionally people throw questions in my direction.

I'm not too much concerned about credit for running something like this. I believe in the use of ideas rather than the influence of persons.' □

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Figure it out

THE MEASURES which Lyndon LaRouche has put into the public arena — creating desert prison camps for hundreds of thousands of able-bodied but infected, or very ill, people — became mentionable only against a background of wild rumour about modes of transmission of the virus. In the face of repetitions of such panics, the protests of civil libertarians could be useless: rights which should have general acceptance now could be swept aside; even the protests of medical experts that draconian measures will be clinically counter-productive could be ignored. Cost constraints may yet turn out the most powerful argument to induce some governments to come down against 'LaRouche', swallow their prudery,

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and spend heavily on explicit prophylactic warning. If Gulags for the HIV (the Aids virus)-positive are to be averted in one or another region of the globe, then the West should publicise the costs. We do so here, for the first time.

Some governments *are* likely to try law enforcement on Aids — particularly those not obliged to go through parliamentary debate. The Soviet Union could yet do so. It has admitted to Aids cases. Its specialists are meeting their American counterparts in Washington next April. Like the West, the USSR is policing rising drug use, and it has a doctrinaire position against homosexuality more severe both in theory and in law than West European countries. This could mean toying with quarantining HIV carriers. What would such a strategy mean for the UK?

● **Quarantine**. It may not be realised that quarantine would have to be of all who have tested HIV-positive — i.e., carriers — and not 'merely' of persons with Aids (PWAs) — i.e., sufferers. The latter are not known to be *more* infectious if careless in their behaviour — for all that is certain, they may be less so — than those who are HIV-positive. Many of the HIV-positive feel perfectly fit, and many, it is still to be hoped, will stay able-bodied for the rest of their natural lives.

Forcible quarantine of large numbers of the able-bodied until an Aids-vaccine had been made universally available — in this or any other country — would swiftly have to become maximum-security. Many would go on the run, incurring large extra policing costs. But let us take only the 'protective custody' costs of — the possible UK figure today — 50,000 HIV-positive people.

As of September 1985 the UK cost of building a new top-security prison (Humberside) was put at £23 million for 444 inmates. The cost of running a top security prison was put at £482 per prisoner in the Prison Department 1984-85 report. St Mary's Hospital, Paddington, estimates it costs equal to £8,000 a year to treat a hospitalised PWA.

If we make a 'bad-case' (but openly now speculated by some specialists) estimate that 50 per cent of those tested as HIV-positive ultimately developed Aids and that there is no, or inadequate, suppressant of the condition, the total spending on building facilities to *double* the prison-population, in maximum security conditions with hospitals incorporated, and run the facilities for a year fully inhabited, would be of the order of just under £4 billion. 'Voluntary' quarantine, i.e. agreement by the HIV-positive to segregate themselves (under pressure of public opinion), could scarcely cost less, supposing it to be in any way feasible.

Suppose further, that combinations of broken medical confidentiality and government and/or media-inspired opprobrium drove the HIV-positive and still able-bodied PWAs out of work, in a context of intensive screening discovering 50,000 identified HIV-positive persons. The 'social security' cost, exclusive of dependants whose needs would fall through the gaps in state benefits, could be just under £200 million a year. This assumes sickness benefit £29.45 a week, rent relief £35, mortgage interest paid — and an assumption that the HIV-positive are split 50/50 between home-buying and rental, the home-buyers averaging a £30,000 mortgage.

● **Forced screeening:** Compulsory nationwide screening for the Aids virus, undertaken for everyone over 15 years old, would involve at least 45.5 million persons in Britain (1984 figures), rising to perhaps 54 million if screening children over the age of 5 were for any future reason — e.g. covert child-abuse — thought necessary. At £5 per test per person (estimate by St Mary's Hospital, Paddington), the cost of a one-off national screening would be £230-270 million.

That excludes labour costs, and very particularly costs of counselling before a test and after an HIV-positive result. Cost counselling itself at £20 an hour; suppose a niggardly 5 minutes per person of pre-counselling for all; and 2 hours post-counselling per person found to have the virus; and nationwide screening just *once* costs a further £76 million, making at least £305 million.

> ***'Think of the worst thing — then it occurs in two years time'***

● **Voluntary screening:** Intensive, government-led, encouragement to all adults to have themselves voluntarily tested would bring the costs down steeply — though they would still be very large — as persons who 'knew themselves' to be at no risk, but were in error, paid no attention; and persons who feared themselves to have been at risk of the virus, but from fear that medical confidentiality would be breached preferred to offer no proofs to government agencies, declined to take any test at any time.

Insurance records, which look set, over time — a very long time — to become a partial register of the voluntarily tested ('voluntarily' in the sense that screening may become necessary to get a policy) are of course never more than an indication that *on a given date* a policy-holder was regarded as being free of the virus or unlikely to be at risk from it. The same at root is true of *all* screening.

● **Screening visitors:** Recent calls to institute compulsory screening of all visitors to the UK from Africa (rejected by the DHSS) were correctly criticised on the grounds that either all visitors must be tested — or at the absolute minimum, visitors from the USA — or none at all.

Suppose Britain were to opt for screening all incoming visitors other than EEC nationals, for whom statistics are not kept, or Britons returning from abroad (*ditto*). 6½ million persons visited Britain in the last full year (1985) for which Home Office figures are available. At the swiftest they might perhaps be HIV-tested and the results obtained in a day. At £5 a test plus some pre-counselling this could cost £43 million.

The cost of testing visitors would, of course, be sharply reduced by an instant absence of visitors, with consequences for Britain's invisible earnings. A hypothetical alternative, a compulsion on incoming visitors to produce an HIV-negative card, would put the testing burden on the country of origin. Multinational agreement would plainly be the prerequisite.

Screening visitors 'is a nonsense', says Dr John Green, Aids-specialist of St Mary's Hospital, '— they'd have to test all the Britons who went, say, to America, anywhere with a high rate of infectivity. Can you imagine the queues? They'd have to build hospitals at Heathrow'.

● **Green Card:** It's urged by some, like Professor Julian Peto, of the Institute of Cancer Research, that given the very low rate of apprehension about Aids as yet among the non drug-using (non needle-using) heterosexual community at large, there should be a public campaign to encourage people to demand an HIV-negative identity card (occasionally referred to as a 'green card') from prospective sexual partners.

The idea would seem to be to institute a new social custom that would ceaselessly remind people of the truth, only lately established for certain, that heterosexual intercourse can lead to the virus passing from man to woman or woman to man. The quasi-ritual demand for a card might focus minds *also* — actually the real point — on precautionary use of the sheath.

We've already reviewed the possible costs of testing for the virus on a truly national scale. The *medical* worry among workers in the field is that people will forget, or never understand, that a negative HIV-test result is NOT a 100 per cent scientific guarantee that the virus hasn't been contracted. They might also miss the obvious point that a person might contract the virus after being tested, and thus imagine that a 'green card' was a safe license to pursue any kind of 'unprotected' sexual intercourse.

Suppose nonetheless that the government required card-carrying by the whole adult population, and paid for them — more probably, made the people pay — to the forgery-proof standard (at least) of a bank cheque-card. What would the cost be?

The Association of Payment & Clearing Services estimates that the old-style cheque-card cost 5.6 pence to produce. The new-style ones cost 25-30p, depending on the bank's purchasing power. A Kuwaiti cheque card produced four years ago and incorporating a photo of the holder cost £1. Laser technology has reduced the latter cost today. Using a central computer database to store a population's photographs and signatures, it would be feasible to transfer the same onto plastic cards, at an approximate all-in cost of £30 million. Once. If people were re-tested, as in principle they would plainly have to be at intervals, there would be replacement costs.

Dr John Green again, on card-carrying: 'I am not so sure it's going to change behaviour at the office-party: "Oh, I forgot my card!" What we'd like is for all people to reduce their high-risk behaviour, not only gay men, for whose changes of behaviour there is already statistical evidence, with all men wearing a sheath and all women using a back-up method of contraception.'

He wants television used to get the message home. Like everyone already dealing 'on the ground' with Aids, his stated priority is pre-emptive changes in the modes of sexual intercourse by *all* — now, even if they personally fall into what *seems* to be an improbably low statistical risk of contracting the virus. And like everyone on the ground, he is deeply apprehensive that the message won't be delivered fast or clearly enough: 'The thing about Aids is this: stick a wet towel round your head, think of the worst thing that could possibly happen with this disease. And then it occurs in two years time'. □

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LONDON DIARY

What a wealth of entrepreneurial talent has lain hidden in the Communist Party, and now bursts out with all the energy of the recently uncorked! Last weekend's 'Left Unlimited' event in London's City University saw the Party's vibrant journal, *Marxism Today*, stage well over 100 seminars, teach-ins, public 'conversations with', video festivals, sports, and debates. Some 4,000 people attended, and most sessions were packed to capacity and beyond.

As impressive as the variety of the sessions was the evident fact that *Marxism Today* is now a marketing organisation as well as a magazine. *Marxism Today* Mondrian mugs, the journal's logo embedded in one of the squares, were on sale beside *Marxism Today* filofaxes. You could test your commitment on a computerised Dialectical Pursuits and attend a fashion show.

The talk was still, of course, central: but in such events, talk is itself a market, perhaps the freest there is — and *MT* continues to push out the bounds of the talkers it regards as 'acceptable' in its marketplace. Most of the speakers, and clearly most of the audience, were of the left (if widely varied): but among the most popular participants were the once-left Germaine Greer, the extremely idiosyncratic-left Derek Jameson, ex editor of the *Daily Express* and *News of the World* and the never left Peregrine Worsthorne, editor of the *Sunday Telegraph* and Andreas Whittam Smith, editor of the *Independent*. Jameson told *his* audience: 'No end of papers on the left never got anywhere because they talked like you'.

○

The media was much discussed. The session at which I spoke, 'What the Papers Don't Say', was a highly revisionist affair. There wasn't much argument against my thesis that the left confuses two critiques of the media: one, that they are not left-wing enough and two, that they don't do their own self-defined job of investigating and informing well enough. The first is a political point of the kind Norman Tebbit is now making from the right against the BBC: the second speaks to the liberal conception of what a free press's job is, and is at least as old as the American Declaration of Independence.

News on Sunday, the left Sunday paper due to start publishing from Manchester in March, had a number of its progenitors in the audience (including Liz Cooper, whom *NoS* stole from the *NS* to be its circulation manager: their gain, our loss). They and others had clearly done some sober thinking and recognised popular journalism is less easy to do for leftists than a critique of the late capitalist state. John Hoyland, one of the paper's founder members, even went so far as to say the *Sun* held some lessons for the left — *without attracting any barracking*!

Yvonne Roberts, features editor on the *Daily News* — London's new evening paper-to-be from the Maxwell stable — underscored the point when she talked of the need for a leftist journalism to use the same techniques of making the news personal that current tabloid journalism does: a return to an earlier age of the *Daily Mirror*. Tim Brook, editor of *Media Week*, spoke glowingly of the benefits of new technology.

I asked the audience — what would you have done, had you been editing *News on Sunday*, if Aziz Kurtha came to you with the Jeffrey Archer story, dripping with smut, slease and hypocrisy as it was? 'Give it five pages', said Yvonne promptly. No one dissented. It seems the *Sunday Times* (which did not print the Archer story) has higher moral ethics than a paper of the left will have. Or does it all come down to politics and power?

○

One of the central sessions of the weekend was 'Rethinking Socialism', chaired by the *NS*'s Sarah Benton, with speakers Beatrix Campbell, the journalist, Robin Cook, ex-shadow cabinet member, Robin Murray, former industry director at the GLC, and Goran Therborn, a socialist writer.

The lecture theatre really *was* packed: luminaries such as Mick McGahey, the mineworkers' vice president, and Robin Blackburn, editor of *New Left Review*, came to hear socialism rethought. They didn't get it. Despite Sarah's encouragment to Cook that he was famed as Neil Kinnock's hair bank, he talked only of the need for Labour to win the next election. That is right: but the session called for more. The rest were worse: Bea talked of the masculinisation of the *past* (to great applause: she is one of the most popular speakers on the left circuit because she gives such a good show); Murray talked of local initiatives and of the great things the GLC did (without defining them: yet the Greater London Enterprise Board, the central part of the GLC's industrial strategy, is now struggling for its life); Therborn attacked the last Labour government.

It could have been better structured, could have been better prepared: but the plain fact remains that four prominent leftists ducked the invitation to reshape, even if only verbally, the future.

○

It's not fanciful to see this as the most important matter which came out of the weekend: the dog that did not bark. *Marxism Today*, not alone but in the van, has exposed the nakedness of many leftist emperors, has been instrumental in carving the 'soft' left out of the 'hard' left and continues to be an innovative magazine. But it has not yet approached the question: what do we do *now*.

That isn't a failure of editorial nerve. It's a failure embedded in the left itself. It has to be tackled, or we lack the heavy ammunition to take on the right, whose ideological offensive is not over.

○

Peter Kellner, the *NS*'s political editor, spoke at a session which had a good deal to say about the practicalities, as against the philosophical underpinnings, of power. Simon Hughes, the bright Liberal MP for Bermondsey, was frank and fascinating on the matter of post-electoral alliances in the event of a hung parliament. In a response clearly well informed by knowledge of behind-the-Speakers'-chair conversations, he said that while he would prefer a Labour-Alliance alliance, a Conservative-Alliance alliance could be on the cards if

(a) The Conservatives were the largest party
(b) Mrs Thatcher was replaced by a wet
(c) *The Tories were prepared to usher in some form of proportional representation for local council and Euro elections.*

That last would, of course, be critical in the bargaining over PR which would have to go on between the Alliance and the other two parties in a hung parliament: it raises the possibility that Labour could (if it could form a parliamentary majority with the Alliance) come from behind with an offer of full PR. It also means that the radical wing of the parliamentary Liberal Party, which Hughes occupies, is prepared to countenance a deal with the Conservatives if wet led — or at least believes a majority of the party will.

There, within that one comment, lies much of the real nature of current politics in Britain. Any rethinking of socialism cannot, of course, be confined to manoeuvres in Westminster: but if it dismisses them as simply manoeuvres, or fails to recognise that they still operate as a proxy of the popular political will, the re-think will not get very far. As Peter Kellner, Anthony Barnett and others on the left have argued — the politics of coalition are here.

John Lloyd

ROGER WODDIS

Bashing the Beeb

Among the BBC programmes that have earned the displeasure of Conservative Party chairman Norman Tebbit are the TV series 'Casualty', Robin Day's 'Question Time', 'Woman's Hour' and Radio 4's 'Today'

What's to be done about the lefties
Sapping the Corporation's soul,
Spreading their filth from dawn to closedown,
Driving our chairman up the pole?

'Casualty', rank with weekly poison –
Under-staffing, low pay and cuts –
Has the sweet mouth of Edwina gaping
(Not, to be frank, that it often shuts).

What do we get with our tea and bikkies?
Winnie Mandela on 'Woman's Hour'.
What's to be done about Sue MacGregor,
Waving her banner for Workers' Power?

'Question Time' is a Grade too gritty,
Chaired by the radical Robin Day.
Where is the syrup of 'Any Questions?'
Who are the traitors behind 'Today'?

Banish the early morning Marxists,
Dig out the moles who are in the plot –
Brian the Red who went to China,
Hardline Hobday and Timpson the Trot.

Whatever happened to dear old Auntie?
What has become of the dame we knew?
Bring back the madam we once were mad for,
Mittened, unbiased and dressed in blue.

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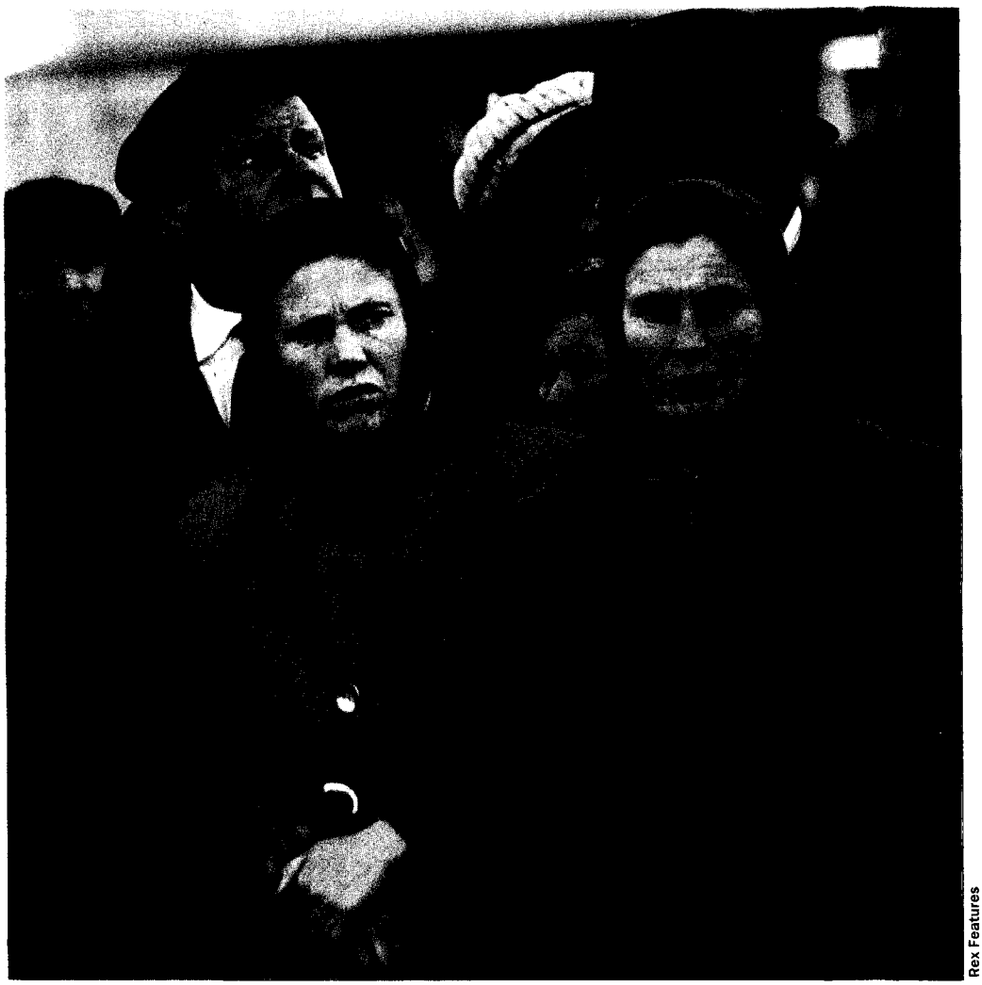
'You, comrade, are going to answer for the problems'



Rex Features

'The slogan "turn Moscow into a model communist city" is a mockery' — says the city's party boss

A rare insight into the corruption and laziness alleged of the 'Party-administrative' layer of officialdom in the Soviet Union has been provided in the leak of proceedings at a meeting in Moscow on 11 April. Boris Yeltsin, less than four months into his appointment as 'new broom' first secretary of the Moscow City Party Committee, addressed 'propaganda workers', and answered written questions, at the House of Political Education. We excerpt from the autumn issue of **Detente.** *Yeltsin is speaking*

THE POPULATION of the capital at present is 8.7 million, although the plan anticipates only 7.6 million by 1990. 2.5 million people are in need of housing. About a million are in communal flats. 28,000 live in decrepit housing which should be torn down immediately. I'm thinking of flats with kitchens that are 3.5 metres square. We have quite a few portly women in this country. If one of these women is in the kitchen there is no room for her husband.[1]

The historical face of Moscow has been disfigured. Since 1935, 2,200 important architectural monuments have been obliterated. Many others are in a pitiful condition and are being used for purposes other than those for which they were designed. The church in which Pushkin was married has been turned into offices used by the Energy Ministry. The day before yesterday I went there with Minister Mayorets and he finally agreed to move the offices.

Transport is a very acute problem. Metro construction is behind schedule by 60km. Rolling stock is worn out. In 1985 there were 2,000 separate accidents, and in that year the metro lost money for the first time. As a result of this there is less money for social, cultural and everyday facilities.

We have introduced personal responsibility in the Moscow Party Committee (MGK) for the solution of various problems. Comrade Korolev will answer for the transport problem. We will all help him, but you, Comrade Korolev, are going to answer for problems. There is a deficit of 5,000 drivers, and 200,000 in the city are sitting around without jobs.

I have been handed a note: 'They say that Yeltsin rides the metro. But we haven't seen him. He raises the question of transport. Where does he get his impressions — from the window of the metro?' What can I say? I didn't see you either. I've made a rule for myself that at least once a week I will visit the shops. Unfortunately people are beginning to recognise me. Somehow they find out where I am going.

At any time of the day, even late at night, there are crowds in the shops. There should be sufficient goods there not only for 9 million Muscovites, but for the 2-3 million visitors in the city every day. The previous leadership of the Moscow Soviet forbade the construction of outdoor stalls, saying these ruined the appearance of the city. It's the sort of logic that says 'Better they should walk around hungry in a city whose appearance has not been spoiled.' Why do street stalls have to spoil the face of the city? Is it impossible to build attractive summer street stalls?

We must reduce the production of alcoholic beverages and continue to reduce the number of places where they are sold. In the first quarter of this year the sale of alcohol went down 30 per cent. Drunkenness has been chased off the streets into the home. It is not accidental that the number of household crimes has gone up. In these conditions the slogan 'Turn Moscow into a model communist city' is a mockery. We have to look again at the meaning of 'model communism'.

I've been in many of Moscow's markets. I've never seen such prices. We cannot regulate prices because we've tried that and it doesn't work. The traders simply go to other cities and regions. We've got to put the squeeze on the market traders. A co-operative store should be built in every market.

Conservatism has gone too far with us. The city authorities spend their time in window-dressing: we are sated; everything is fine; we're the best in the world; there's no need to expose Moscow's problems. Whoever continues to think like that should leave his job and get out.

The Moscow Soviet has turned into a model of bureaucracy. There's a large turnover of personnel going on there at the moment. Staff are being made redundant. The MGK has set the

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example here; the number of Secretaries has been cut from seven to six. Moscow is twinned with all the capitals of the socialist countries. It's also twinned with 64 other world capitals. As a result Promyslov had no time to work. He just travelled around and signed protocols.[2] Other comrades liked this too, especially after the anti-alcohol decree, which wasn't in effect in those other places.

I've been handed another 300 questions. Let's have a twenty minute break. You have some soft drinks and I'll look at the questions.

Q. PEOPLE from outside the city buy all the deficit goods. Can you help?

We can't build a wall around Moscow as they did 800 years ago. No restrictions will help. The capital is the capital. Some people are only able to come here once in their lives. I repeat, we should assume that we have not 9 but 11 or 12 million in the city. In addition we should extend the practice of selling deficit goods inside enterprises.

You know that many ministries have URSy. Recently we took one ministry in hand: supplies meant for Moscow — tens of tonnes of oranges and other food products — were being sent to Norilsk and Novosibirsk. These channels have now been cut off.[3]

Q. They say that Muscovites are spoilt.

This opinion is widespread in the provinces. I thought so myself when I lived in Sverdlovsk. But it turns out that Muscovites live worse than those on the periphery. Look at this:

Capital investment	1965	*5th in USSR*
	1975	*12th place*
	1985	*44th place*
Housing construction	1975	*2nd place*
	1985	*58th place*
Pre-school provision		*33rd place*
Birth rate		*65th place (USSR average = 19.6 per 1000; Moscow = 13.6)*
Moscow life expectancy	1983	*70*
	1985	*68*

Q. On the 'limitchiki'.[4]

They have caused and are causing great social damage to the city. The number of crimes committed by such people is inreasing. Other abnormal phenomena have appeared. Every year 70-80,000 *limitchiki* are brought into the city. In this, the transition year, there will be 20,000. In 1987, none. We don't need to bring in new people, but to get the Muscovites to work. The militia has a plan for dealing with parasites.

Q. When you were a Central Committee Secretary you travelled quite a bit about the country. How do you compare the level of Moscow industry?

In Moscow the technical level of enterprises is considerably lower than the average in the country. I was in the Dynamo Plant. The level to which this famous and at one time advanced enterprise has descended is simply amazing.

Q. On the social sphere.

In three months I've been in 29 industrial enterprises. Only two directors were giving any attention to the social sphere. In one construction bureau there was a hierarchy of dining rooms, each of which was slightly better than the one below. As for the director's dining room, for only him and a select few, it had everything — even a light blue lavatory. Some managers have set themselves apart from the people. We must fight this.

Q. On Scientific Research Institutes and Construction Bureaux.

Research institutes have been singled out which have not been doing anything useful for years. Fifteen of them have lost their finance and have been closed. 30,000 scientific workers will be transferred to production. The calibre of scientific workers and teachers has gone down. Greyness breeds greyness.

Q. In Moscow there are many flat burglaries.

Yes, that's definitely the case. The militia have done poorly so far. *Raikom* first secretaries should put more effort into work with the militia.

Q. Drug addiction is widespread in Moscow.

We'll speak frankly about this one. There are already 3,600 addicts registered. But people do not register voluntarily. The question arises: How many drug addicts have we failed to uncover?[5]

Q. On the Second Secretary of the October district committee, Danilov.

He has lost his job and has been given a Party rebuke. He had built himself a palace of a home in a block of flats, with a personal fireplace and a personal chimney which went through the whole building. We don't need princes like that in the Party! People who work in the Party must be absolutely honest.

Q. What kinds of privileges have been taken away from Moscow Party Committee workers? What have you managed to abolish already?

I don't think the question is posed properly. Why do you speak only of abolition? We've added things. We've added more work and we've increased the number of bureau meetings. Now MGK workers work not just from 9 to 6, but until 9 or 10 and sometimes until midnight. As far as abolitions are concerned, for starters we closed the special shop. I think this is useful — Party workers will feel the shortages more acutely.[6]

Q. How many people have been excluded from the Party between the 26th and 27th Party Congresses?

70-90,000 in the country as a whole; 20,000 in Moscow.

Q. On changes in the staff of the MGK.

There were people who were bringing in extra earnings: by giving paid lectures during working time, for example. Many comrades have been transferred to other work. We have replacements for them. I want to stress that a party worker must have the qualities of honesty, purity, competence. He must have principles, modesty and the ability to sacrifice himself.

Q. A group of questions on the work of the Moscow City Soviet.

We have to clear out the inert layer of time-servers and struggle with the misuse of authority. The wives of many bosses ride around in black Volgas. The car arrives in the morning to take the child to school, then it comes back to take Daddy to work and returns for his wife. This has got to stop. We are keeping an eye on this. In the past, MGK workers all arrived at meetings in their own cars. This practice has been abolished. I see the Party Secretaries in the audience are smiling because they all came in one car today. These are our tactics: observation, a quiet talk with the offender, the necessary conclusions.

Q. It has been asked whether I see ordinary citizens.

Yes, I see them. Just a few days ago I saw a young woman, a shop clerk and the mother of two children. We talked for two hours. She explained the whole system of kickbacks operating in the trade network. In recent months 800 store managers have been arrested. We did and dig, and the bottom of this filthy well is still not visible. We've got to dig out this dirt. We're trying to uncover criminal links, to isolate the ringleaders and to put honest and gifted Party people in their jobs and then gradually probe from there. It is going to be a long and difficult job, but we are determined to dig out this filth.

Q. People are interested in my work régime. I work from six in the morning until midnight. I sleep four hours. From five to seven in the morning (*sic*) I work on self improvement.

Q. Which qualities do you admire in people and which do you hate?

Above all I admire honesty, principle and character. Correspondingly I hate dishonesty and toadyism. I remember one occasion when a Party leader was giving a report to the MGK — he was bragging a bit too much about plan fulfilment. Suspicions crept up on me. We checked up. The plan fulfilment indicators were considerably lower. It's going to take that fellow a long time to rehabilitate his reputation.

Q. We hope that in a year's time you will tell us what you have not managed to do, like a real Bolshevik.

All right, it's agreed. In a year I'll tell you.

In conclusion I would like to tell you about the decision of the Moscow Party Committee. Everyone sitting in this hall is charged with reporting the results of today's meeting to as many Party organisations as possible, frankly and concealing nothing. About all our difficulties and failings, and the measures taken to deal with them; people should find out about our intentions from Party propagandists and not from rumours and the gossip of the BBC. □

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1 V. Lagutenko, an architect of the 1950s, was responsible for many of the five storey walk-ups which went up in huge numbers in the Khrushchev era. These are known colloquially as *Khrushobyi* (a pun on the Russian word for a slum), which is what Yeltsin is alluding to in this passage. Of the two and a half million Muscovites in need of housing one million are currently occupying communal flats, and most of the remainder live in dormitories, only a small minority being able to afford the high rents (illegally) charged for privately rented accommodation.

2 A former head of the Moscow City Soviet, who lost his job in April 1986.

3 URSy are Worker's Supply Offices in Ministries whose job it is to distribute goods to enterprises under their control. Retailing food at the workplace is a common and growing practice in the Soviet Union.

4 A *limitchik* is someone with a temporary permit to live in Moscow. Parasites are actually people who choose officially not to work or, exceptionally, are not allowed to work (*refuzeniki*, for example). This autumn in Moscow a campaign is under way to establish exactly who the parasites are. All able-bodied persons are required to report to their housing authority with a certificate showing they are in employment. Privately rented accommodation is sufficiently expensive to prevent this measure from being wholly effective.

5 Drug addiction is not of recent origin, although the war in Afghanistan has made drugs more easily available in large cities like Moscow. What is new is the admission by the authorities that there is a problem at all.

6 Moscow has a large and ramified system of closed shops in which deficit goods can be purchased by members of the *nomenklatura* and their hangers-on.

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ECONOMICS

Is there a European route to economic recovery?

Neil Kinnock

THERE'S ALWAYS some panacea being promoted which will solve all Britain's economic problems. Once it was devaluation of the pound and membership of the EEC.

Both were declared to be dramatically necessary if Britain's relentless decline was to be halted. Neither fulfilled the hopes of its proponents. Instead, they deflected from the more detailed and demanding questions of industrial policy.

The Thatcher government has gone in for the mass production of panaceas, with privatisation, tax cuts, deregulation, monetary targets, abolition of exchange controls and much else pouring off the assembly line as real assembly lines grind to a halt. Today panacea status is awarded to the European Monetary System.

Discussion of the virtues of the EMS focuses on the supposed financial stability which might be enjoyed, and the 'discipline' which might be imposed, should Britain join its exchange rate mechanism. The debate has been confused by the muddling up of two quite different problems and pretending that the EMS is a solution to both. First, there is the problem of the instability generated by the enormous flows of speculative capital, incited by exchange rate fluctuations, which afflict the world's financial system. Second, there is the problem of the structural imbalances in world trade, including imbalances within the EEC, which today threaten to nip any significant economic expansion in the bud.

Unstable currencies have certainly done great damage to world trade and industrial production, whilst greatly enriching the financial institutions. But, the exchange rate mechanism of the EMS as presently constituted would not support British industrial recovery, but stifle it. The present stability of the mechanism derives to a considerable extent from the fact that it contains only one currency which is subject to major levels of dealing in the international money markets: the Deutschmark. If the pound were added to the system then the presence of two currencies, linked at a fixed rate, would provide the opportunity for speculators to make huge one-way bets should one of the currencies come under stress. Then the only way to stabilise the system would be interest rates and massive currency purchases, so we would be left with either a very unstable currency, or very unstable interest rates, or both.

If, however, European central banks agreed to act in concert to stabilise the system through credit and currency swaps, rather than by varying interest rates (and if European trade were organised on the more rational basis I outline below), then the EMS might provide some valuable stability in the foreign exchanges.

But no set of exchange rates, however stable, can solve the serious long-term problem of the unbalanced structure of European trade — the major inhibition to European economic recovery.

THERE ARE 16 million people unemployed in the 12 countries of the European Community. Six million of them are between the ages of 15 and 25. An expansion of economic activity throughout Europe is urgent, and would of course greatly facilitate a British recovery since the other EEC countries are now our major trading partners. The 'UK Regional Development Programme, 1986-1990' submitted to the European Regional Development Fund and reluctantly published by the government which wrote it demonstrates both the huge need and the massive scope for such expansionary policies.

Unfortunately the EEC is itself hooked onto a new Euro-panacea — enthusiastically endorsed by Mrs Thatcher. Adopted at the Milan summit in 1985, the Brussels panacea is called 'Completing the Internal Market'. It is a political failure of such magnitude that it may well endanger the future development and cohesion of the Community.

Many of the ideas in the European White Paper which outlines the programme for completing the internal market by 1992 are sensible and useful — harmonising car exhaust standards at a stringent level, for example. And I support the attempt to reduce the piecemeal proliferation of non-tariff barriers to trade. This creeping protection inhibits the rational development of production and trade.

But the *philosophy behind the programme* goes far beyond these sensible technical measures. The vision is a single integrated market of 320 million people — a market greater than the internal market of the United States. The increased competition that would follow the harmonisation of tax systems and the removal of all physical and technical barriers to trade will, it is believed, make Europe as a whole more efficient *and* lead to the growth of output and an expansion of prosperity *in the Community as a whole*.

This is not convincing. Even the eager author of the White Paper admits, in spectacular understatement, that free movement of goods and services creates the 'risk' that prosperity will appear only in 'the areas of greatest economic advantage', and suggests that a fuller use of the Community regional funds will be necessary. But Lord Cockfield, Mrs Thatcher's choice as one of our Commissioners in Brussels, and the man responsible for the White Paper, has declared that the development of the internal market is *not* conditional on the strengthening of regional and social programmes.

WE HAVE LEARNED in Britain the painful lesson that a market free-for-all is only free-for-some. Completing the internal market will no more increase employment in Europe as a whole than Mrs Thatcher's free-market economics has increased employment in Britain. It will only share fewer jobs around in a different pattern.

An employment strategy for Europe is desperately needed. It should have three parts:

- there must be co-ordinated fiscal expansion to create jobs throughout the Community;
- the different problems which individual countries face must be recognised;
- and there must be clear rules of operation, so that gains and sacrifices are fairly distributed.

For example, a recent NEDO study revealed that France, Germany and Italy give large indirect subsidies to their steel industries while British Steel not only has to survive and compete without such aid but has adhered to output and employment reduction agreements that have been virtually ignored by the steel industries of other EEC countries.

It is vital that the European attack on unemployment is co-ordinated. If there is no co-ordination, expanding countries will suck in imports while failing to increase their exports sufficiently to pay for them. Expansionary policies will then be discredited, technological advance will falter and the whole European economy will be even more open to commercial colonisation by the producers from America and the Pacific.

The benefits of co-ordination for expansion do not arise, however, solely by comparison with the disadvantages of not doing it. Those countries that expand benefit everyone else. Their increased imports create jobs in the countries from which they buy, and if expansion were co-ordinated then balance of payments risks would be lessened as all countries buy more from each other.

The risks would not, however, be eliminated altogether. What is neded is a Community internal trade policy which ensures that, in the process of expansion, trade (and hence creation of new jobs) is distributed evenly, discriminating in favour of the weaker regions. The potential for contagious deflation would be significantly reduced.

A rational, co-ordinated, supra-regional policy for a collection of sovereign states is needed. *If* Europe were a single state, with a single central bank and that state were committed to expansionary policies which distributed prosperity and jobs among its component parts, *then* an internal trade policy would not be necessary. State discrimination between regions would do the trick. But the European Community is not of this form; nor is it likely to be.

If the enormous amounts of time and effort put into the complex negotiations over the internal market were put instead into an expansionary programme for Europe, into a programme of employment, then I am sure that the prospects of future prosperity and political harmony in Europe would be far more secure.

So, in the context of Britain's economic recovery, the EMS exchange rate mechanism would be a useful, but small, part of a rational European strategy for recovery in which Britain could take part. If

- we entered at the right rate;
- there were a far more comprehensive system of mutual financial support;
- the Community were committed to policies of co-ordinated economic expansion;
- and the Community developed a rational approach to internal trade;

then entry to the EMS exchange rate mechanism would be a desirable addition to the weapons available for maintaining stability. At best, the mechanism is a very small part of a sensible recovery strategy. It is not a substitute for a recovery strategy. No panacea is. □

This is based on a section of Neil Kinnock's book, Making our Way: Investing in Britain's Future, *published today (7 Nov.) by Basil Blackwell, £9.95 hb, £3.95 pb.*

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KNOWSLEY

An improvised election

With a Tory candidate 'too intelligent' not to see through what he has to say, and a Liberal candidate whose campaign just isn't taking off,* IAN WILLIAMS *sees George Howarth as a 'racing certainty'

THE MEDIA CIRCUS has set up tent among the citizens of Knowsley, who seem ready, and eager, to participate, but so far rather disappointed that the Scouser's natural-born right to hog the front pages and TV screens has been diminished by editorial fiat. Frankly, what started as a fascinating by-election, with national interest, writs and threats, chainings to railings, pickets and counter pickets (and that was just the Labour Party's show!) has *not* produced the desired amounts of blood.

The three candidates have been specifically picked for this field of battle. But the problem is that each has girded loins for an entirely separate battle, so in place of the clash of arms and debate, we are left with a political Noh play, three characters in search of an argument.

Young Roger Brown has obviously been chosen as a Tory whose ideological standing is secure enough to take the spotlight of national publicity, and who has the inner resources to see him through the humiliation of total and squashing defeat. A barrister, he has the advocate's ability to dissociate himself from his brief while arguing it fiercely.

He is far too intelligent to believe the Central Office script he recites affirming that he has an excellent chance of winning. He knows the bitter reality and he's been handed the political equivalent of the brief to defend General MacArthur in front of a North Korean People's Court. On the day of bus de-regulation, no one in Kirkby knew whether a bus was coming, where it would be going to if it came, but did know for sure that it was going to cost at least twice as much as the day before. Was that the time to issue a statement welcoming the new opportunities in public transport brought by the Tories? Roger did. No wonder he looks old beyond his years.

Although he is now based in Lancashire, he came there from Buckinghamshire, perhaps as part of some undisclosed population exchange involving Kilroy Silk. He claims that being a barrister gives him a unique insight into the life of an ordinary citizen in Kirkby, which may not be an unqualified compliment to the latter.

The Alliance will almost certainly knock them into third place. But Rosemary Cooper, the Liberal candidate, was chosen for entirely parochial reasons. She was chosen in order to fight Militant, and she is still fighting Militant. But Militant stubbornly and treacherously refuses to field a candidate, which leaves her lunging ferociously at shadows.

It has to be said that she is a brave and strong-willed woman. She has endured taunts from the Labour benches in Liverpool City Council which would have the metropolitan-supportive Labour Party blushing for shame. 'Save the whale' is one of their recurring chants, which serves to express both their 'sizeism' and their conviction that ecology matters are trendy, liberal, and unproletarian. In revenge, because of her parents' deafness, she learnt to lip read. It was this ability to see the asides and plots of the far from tight-lipped Militant opponents which has led several leading members of the Labour Group to shield their mouths when plotting — which is often.

A Liberal leaflet this week claimed Neil Kinnock has thanked Rosemary Cooper for her anti-Hatton stand. In fact she had a reply to a letter saying 'Mr Kinnock has asked me to thank you for your letter, the contents of which are noted.' Not quite a laying on of hands by the Labour leader! But it is instructive that the Liberals are so unsure of Rosemary Cooper's chances — as a Liberal — that they should keep trying to disguise her as the real Labour candidate.

It is also rather disappointing to connoisseurs of dirty tricks that this is the best that Andy Ellis, their specialist in this field, can provide. It indicates that they have found nothing to use against George Howarth. He was chosen by the NEC because he was local, loyal, left and able. His task isn't just to get into parliament, but to build and consolidate a base for the national Party in Knowsley. This task has of course been made easier by the refusal of the EC of the bankrupt constituency to accept his imposition. They are now odds on to be dissolved, leaving the political vacuum they have postured over to be filled by an influx of enthusiasts from the campaign.

THE SAD THING for the Labour Party is that to win they have been representing the National Labour Party to the people of Knowsley, when in happier circumstances they could have been doing a better political job than the Jarrow marchers by representing the problems of the district to the nation.

George Howarth could have done that. He is an unassuming man, no media star, but firmly convincing with the grasp of local issues which living in a Cantril Farm Tower block can give. He was a Labour councillor back at the beginning of the seventies. When many *New Statesman* readers were debating the dialectic of the coming revolution, the three Knowsley candidates were getting immersed in various forms of mainstream politics. George Howarth was beginning to work and think about things like co-operatives, and to reconsider the forms of municipal housing.

Anywhere other than Merseyside, his politics would make him a radical, if it weren't for his habit, unfashionable in parts, of publicly supporting the National Leader of his Party. His biggest sin at the local parish pump level is his departure for two years to head the co-operatives in Wales. This makes him a 'quitter' according to Cooper, and a deserter according to the comrades, who are themelves known more for their nomadic habits than stability of domicile, but are even better known for inconsistency. Clearly the years in Wales have helped him to get over the political tunnel vision afflicting Ms Cooper, and the socially selective vision of Mr Brown.

The total failure so far of the Liberal campaign makes him a racing certainty to be the next MP for Knowsley North. But with this the opening skirmish in the campaign for the next General Election, it could so easily have gone disastrously wrong. That it hasn't so far is more fortuitous than foresightful. Labour should have been writing the whole script from the beginning instead of allowing the bit players to improvise up front. □

Latest poll

THE NEWSNIGHT poll released this Tuesday evening (4 Nov.) supports the *New Statesman* contention that the imposition of a Labour candidate does not harm and may well boost the Labour vote. Similarly it shows a collapse of the Tory vote, mostly, but not all, towards the Alliance. In every age group, religion, housing tenure, even social grouping, Labour has an overall majority, with even 64 per cent of the scarce professional/managerial groups supporting them.

Overall, *Newsnight*'s figures show 67 per cent of those intending to vote will be supporting Howarth, (+2.5 per cent), 10 per cent Brown (−10.1) and 22 per cent Rosemary Cooper (+7.1). 45.9 per cent of Labour voters think Liverpool City Council 'had been bad for Merseyside', compared with 27.7 per cent who think it was 'good.' But then 57.1 of local Tory voters disapprove of the government's handling of unemployment.

If we take 'moderate' to be media talk for good, and 'extremist' for bad, then 71.8 per cent of Labour voters see the National Labour Party as 'moderate', while 44.3 per cent see the local Labour Party as 'extremist' as against 43.2 per cent who see it as moderate. ●

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PERMANENT GOVERNMENT

Lessons for Neil from LG, Nye and Clem

Peter Hennessy

A.J.P. TAYLOR tells the story of Lloyd George's historic move from the Treasury to the new Ministry of Munitions, the first truly intervenionist department Whitehall had ever seen, which was created in 1915 because *laissez-faire* at home was letting down the troops in the trenches abroad. 'Any other man', wrote Taylor, 'would have quailed at starting a Ministry of Munitions from scratch. Lloyd George rejoiced that, when he entered the requisitioned hotel allotted to the new ministry, it contained a table, two chairs, many mirrors — and no civil servants'.

LG's gift for bending the machinery of government into a custom-made instrument for implementing his priorities has lessons for future occupants of No 10 of centre-left inclinations with reconstruction in mind. For Lloyd George, getting the machine right was a first order problem; not something to be left for backs of envelopes in calmer times. The first initiative he took on becoming Prime Minister in December 1916 was to create a Cabinet Secretariat and to insist that agendas were prepared and minutes taken for Cabinet meetings.

The other date upon which Neil Kinnock might dwell with profit is 1945. Attlee had the dry genius of a good staff officer when it came to making the Cabinet and Cabinet Committee system work for his ambitious economic and social programmes. The time he spent on getting his engine room in shape paid dividends. And Kinnock won't need reminding of the brilliance of his hero, Nye Bevan ('an artist in the use of power', Kenneth O. Morgan called him) at the Ministry of Health, where he demonstrated an administrative flair to match his command of language in constructing the National Health Service from the fragmentary plans bequeathed by the wartime coalition.

THERE *is* a Kinnock plan for Whitehall. It can, like Lord Randolph Churchill's Budget, be fitted onto a single sheet of A4 but is none the less important for that. It is that: first of all, he wants to return to a more traditional style of premiership than Mrs Thatcher's — 'at the top of the government', he said on Brook Productions' *All the Prime Minister's Men* in the summer, 'there has to be someone who says the final "yes" or "no" . . . But that is different from wanting to be in every alleyway, by-way and back entrance of policy'. A Kinnock Cabinet would meet at monthly intervals to review the overall strategic direction of the government.

To help that process he will recreate 'either the Central Policy Review Staff or a body very much like it' and a system akin to the now abandoned Programme and Analysis Review 'to see where you're starting to diverge from objectives and see what policies are not complementing each other'. For himself he will have a Prime Minister's Office 'not very big but effective in terms of collection, collation of information and studied response rather than off-the-cuff stuff'. But the PMO will not be 'a flattery agency'. Each Cabinet Minister will be allowed to establish a French-style *cabinet*, two or three extra people attached to their private office.

This blueprint for the Kinnock engine room bears the watermark of a Gaitskell Memorial Lecture delivered at Nottingham University as long ago as 1979 by Dr Tessa Blackstone, ex-CPRS (Central Policy Review Staff) now at the Inner London Education Authority and Master-elect of Birkbeck College, London, who is known to have advised him. His Westminster office say more is under way on the machinery of government but decline to be specific.

> ***'There has to be someone who says the final yes or no. But that is different from wanting to be in every alleyway, by-way and back entrance of policy'***

The Kinnock plans, as already unveiled, *would* make a difference to a reforming-interventionist government taking office in difficult economic times *provided* the incoming Labour ministers were determined enough to make both the old and the new machinery of government work for them. The best constructed *cabinet* will be of little value if its output is unread or cavalierly dismissed. More important still is the big question: will Neil Kinnock prove to be a second Lloyd George and treat the reform of the machine as a necessary and urgent precondition of achieving his wider aims? Or will he prove to be another Harold Wilson — tinkering with its components as a substitute for serious innovation and achievement?

At the very least the subject deserves a major speech from the Leader of the Opposition (it creates a gratifyingly prime ministerial impression) and a chunk of the manifesto dedicated to it. After all, as Norman Strauss, one of Mrs Thatcher's early advisers has pointed out, possession of the Civil Service is one of the big prizes for which parties compete at election time. It is worth a degree of prior thought and examination to see how glittering or tarnished a trophy it really is. □

Peter Hennessy is a Visiting Fellow at the Policy Studies Institute. This is the first of a regular fortnightly column.

COMMENT

The Constitution after Westland

THE GOVERNMENT is trying desperately to bury Westland. It may succeed: public interest has waned. Yet last week's debate marked the unceremonious junking of a crucial centuries-old convention of our constitution: ministerial responsibility.

On 6 January 1986, the Solicitor-General wrote a letter to the then Defence Secretary, Michael Heseltine, drawing his attention to 'material inaccuracies' in a letter from the latter to the Westland company. It is clear, as the All-Party Select Committee on Defence found, that the PM instigated the letter and did so with a view to its being published. It was ultimately leaked, by the Department of Trade and Industry. It has been admitted under pressure by the PM that No. 10 knew of the leak and, as Sir Robert Armstrong the Cabinet Secretary said, 'accepted' it.

The point missed is that this is a fundamental admission with direct consequences for the PM. To protect her, the government continuously stressed that the leak was by the Department of Trade and Industry, not No 10 and that No 10 never 'approved' the leak. But this assertion, in any event highly questionable, is a diversion. The DTI was simply the means of distribution for the leak. It was a subordinate ministry to the PM's office. That is why it sought the sanction of No. 10. The duty of the PM's officials, in these circumstances, was not simply to be indifferent to the leak, still less to 'accept' it, but actively to oppose it, to say no.

If this was the duty of the PM's office, then it is quite impossible to see how the PM herself is not liable for the acts of her officials in accordance with the doctrine of ministerial responsibility.

The doctrine lacks firm definition. But where a minister instructs officials to secure an objective and a senior official then does so, but in a way that is improper, it is difficult to see how the doctrine does not apply.

The doctrine is essential because it ensures that civil servants are protected from being made liable for carrying out their orders; and that ministers are accountable to Parliament for the acts of their departments. The consequence, of course, of a minister not being responsible, is that the civil servant is.

Yet, perhaps the most extraordinary element in the whole Westland affair is the absence of any punishment or any disciplinary proceedings against anyone, civil servants or ministers. Leon Brittan resigned, not because he or his officials had behaved improperly in leaking the Solictor-General's letter, but because he had 'lost the confidence of his colleagues'.

Is it paranoid to see this as part of a pattern? Westland, the *Belgrano*, the attacks on the BBC, the fiddles on the unemployment register, the increasing reluctance on the part of ministers to answer questions (frequently mentioned by older parliamentarians), the politicisation of the civil service. What really distinguishes the modern Tories from the old, or Thatcher from Heath, is that they want, above all, to win. It is an obsession. For her and for those like her, scruples simply clutter up the path to victory.

Tony Blair

Tony Blair is a Labour Treasury spokesperson.

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The itch that won't go away

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MEDIA

The reporter who marched with the Men of Jarrow

Fiona Calder

FIFTY YEARS AGO last weekend the original Jarrow Marchers reached the outskirts of London on the last stage of their 300-mile journey from Tyneside. With them was Ritchie Calder (later Lord Ritchie-Calder of Balmashannar) from the *Daily Herald* and for the rest of his life he took great pride in the fact that he was the only national newspaperman to walk all the way.

Calder was always clear that the Jarrow Crusade was different from the other marches of the depression years. Two hundred men carried south the petition signed by more than 11,500 people. As they entered London, the Mayor of Jarrow in his chain of office took his place at the front with the Deputy Mayor and a substantial number of the Town Council. As Calder pointed out, this was all the direct result of 'a solemn session of the Town Council when all parties decided on the march. It was all duly minuted and it was official'.

The Baldwin government clearly hoped that its curt response to a more conventional approach, an all-party delegation, that 'Jarrow must work out its own salvation', had settled the matter of a town which had 75 per cent of its work force unemployed without hope of any jobs. There was no Welfare State: no National Health Service and the infant mortality rate, a very sensitive indicator of insufficiency of food, was twice as high in Jarrow as in Britain as a whole. Five people were dying in Jarrow for every two nationally.

Ritchie Calder himself came from a working-class family and from a small Scottish town, Forfar — like Jarrow far too heavily committed to one industry. In the spring of 1922, when he was 15, he started work as a journalist in the slums of Dundee. By 1936, he was a very successful newspaper reporter and establishing an impressive reputation as a science writer, but he was able to march with these men as a real friend and comrade who felt with them and understood their problems. The thought of the people of Jarrow, left to suffer and rot, aroused his wrath for the rest of his life.

In his report from Wakefield on 15 October he quoted as a typical case the man with a wife and new baby who had been out of work for five years. They were living on 25/- (£1.75) a week:

> . . . out of that he spends 6/- (30p) on rent, 4/- (20p) on clothes, 1/9 (less than 10p) on gas, 2/- (10p) on coal and 2/- (10p) on a funeral insurance for his wife's father and mother and his own mother (accepted in Jarrow even by the young people as a duty). After Saturday night's shopping, his wife only had three shillings (15p) left. They had one hot meal on Sundays and 'scratch' meals of odds and ends for the rest of the week.

In those days before 'Women's Lib', there were no women on the March. However, from Ritchie's account of the stringent medical checks which selected the 200 fittest men (with clothes and boots available) out of the 1,500 or so who were anxious to go, it is unlikely that any of the women would have been fit enough.

> It is the women for whom this crusade has been undertaken — the wives who can never leave their homes because they have no clothes to wear, who are half starving themselves to feed their children and who in the past six years have never known any entertainment of escape from their anxieties.

The women did, however, have a very special representative with the Marchers. Surprisingly, considering how sharply at that time the responsibilities of men were divided from those of women in the traditional working-class areas like Jarrow, the Member of Parliament for Jarrow was Ellen Wilkinson, tiny and frail. 'Red Ellen', as they lovingly called her, led the March out of Jarrow and did as much of the distance as her other commitments allowed.

THE MID THIRTIES were a time of mounting political tension and the Special Branch of the Metropolitan Police, like the government, were very hard to convince that this very impressively organised undertaking was not a preliminary to riot if not revolution. In fact the enterprise seemed to owe more to First World War army training than to any political conspiracy. From Sheffield on 17 October Ritchie Calder reported:

> It is time that people began to understand these marchers. I have roughed it with them and shared their confidence with them. They never grouse.
>
> They are self-disciplined, because while they keep the ranks, carry out fatigues which leave every place they stop as tidy as and sometimes tidier than they found it, and march in army step, there is no compulsion except their common loyalty.

'It is the women for whom this crusade has been undertaken — the wives who can never leave their homes because they have no clothes to wear, who are half starving themselves to feed their children'

Always it was emphasised by those who spoke for the Marchers that the electors of Jarrow were only exercising through their MP their constitutional right to present a petition to Parliament, making out a case for their need for national help. Any attempt to make party political capital out of the March had been firmly resisted and the overnight arrangements in the towns on the route were made by the Conservative and Labour Party Agents working together. All the money went through the hands of Sam Rowan, seconded from the Jarrow Council's Treasurer's department to keep proper records of the use made of the Mayor's Appeal fund.

But the Marchers made their own publicity. In the *Herald* on 31 October:

> No one can see these men — clean, decent, orderly, self-disciplined, with their poor but well-darned and carefully patched clothes — without being profoundly moved.

And in fact, along the route the Marchers were welcomed almost everywhere with very generous sympathy and enthusiasm.

> So many motorists took off their hats or saluted respectfully as they passed the Jarrow Crusade on its march from Tyneside that someone said: 'They treat this march like a walking Cenotaph — a memorial to the living dead.'

From Wakefield, Ritchie Calder wrote:

> We slept last night on the bare floor of Herehills Labour Institute. At dawn today I was awakened by an enthusiastic old marcher, fresh shaven and full of new life.
>
> 'Man,' he said when I protested that it was only six o'clock and we were not leaving until noon, 'Ye don't know what it means to waken up with somewhere to go and something to do. For nine years days have been nowt but dates to me.
>
> 'And what's more, Mother will be saying, "I wonder what Dad's doing today?" All those years she's never had to ask that, for the answer's aye been "Nowt".'

From Sheffield, he reported:

> . . . their step has a new spring in it . . . songs come readily to their throats and unaccustomed laughter to their lips. The first time one young fellow laughed, they had to call the doctor. They thought it was epilepsy. It was just the first convulsive laughter for years.

And yet in spite of it all . . . all that determination; all that careful planning and sound sense; all that concern aroused in the country . . . little was achieved, and that little was very undramatic. The petition was presented and ignored. Unemployment stayed very high until the war effort got into gear. Today, Jarrow *still* has high unemployment.

Ritchie Calder, proud to be designated an 'Honorary Marcher', went back to Jarrow on the special train with the Marchers. It was difficult to believe that nothing had changed.

The mouth organ band which had cheered them all the way to London was meant to lead the Marchers away from the station: but as Bobbie Maughan, who was a member of the band told me, it was impossible to do anything but struggle somehow through the crowds. The whole town came out to greet them and the streets were packed solid as Jarrow people welcomed home the men who, somehow, had brought them back some of their self-respect. The Marchers themselves seemed to have a different perspective. As Ritchie Calder concluded his feature article on Jarrow:

> These men, well shod and well fed now by bountiful help everywhere, have gone with the blessing of Bishops and of all the Churches, and have been received in every town by the Mayors.
>
> Towns officially have sent flaming resolutions to the government.
>
> The country has been stirred to sympathy for these crusaders, but, as one grey-headed marcher said to a sympathetic bystander, 'Don't pity us. We are alright. Pity the folk we have left behind.'

'And', Ritchie Calder added, 'pity those in the other distressed areas as well.' □

Ritchie Calder, a member of the New Statesman *board from 1945-1958, was a United Nations consultant and Professor of International Relations at the University of Edinburgh. He died in January 1982.*
Fiona Calder (Rudd) is presently writing a biography of her father.

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'We had a bit of fun'

Neil Hamilton and Gerald Howarth, the Conservative MPs who obtained an out-of-court settlement from the BBC over allegations by* Panorama, *were right to insist that they could not be shown conclusively to be ultra-rightists. But their 'pranks' were unpleasant: and their party can't take a holier-than-thou line on smears.

JOLYON JENKINS *and* **DENIS CAMPBELL** *report*

SOMETHING ODD seems to happen to young male Tories when they go abroad on fact-finding missions. It's probably all related to memories of high jinks in the dorm.

In March 1982, Mr Edward Leigh, now a respectable MP for Gainsborough and Horncastle, travelled around the United States with Bruce Kent of CND, giving Kent a hard time in his public meetings and distributing anti-CND propaganda to local newspapers and radio stations. Leigh was on the trip to Berlin in August 1983, where, it was alleged by the *Panorama* programme 'Maggie's Militant Tendency', Neil Hamilton MP goosestepped outside the hotel the delegation was staying in. (The BBC retracted the goosestepping allegation as part of its humiliating climbdown in last month's libel action.)

Leigh was among the MPs who later signed a statement saying that he hadn't seen Hamilton goosestep; yet in the court case, Hamilton's lawyer stated that Leigh *himself* had gone in for some goosestepping. Hamilton later wrote in the *Sunday Times* that while on the balcony of the Reichstag, 'I gave a little salute with two fingers to my nose to give an impression of a toothbrush moustache.' As the *Observer* reported last Sunday, Hamilton had previously written to Tory chairman John Selwyn Gummer making it 'absolutely clear' that at no time had he given Nazi salutes: 'Indeed, I have always thought the latter was a criminal offence in the Federal Republic.'

Clearly things had got out of hand in Berlin. Evidence obtained by the *New Statesman* shows more unseemly behaviour by the young gentlemen. In his *first* draft of his article for the *Sunday Times*, Hamilton wrote:

> Another little joke in the hotel, when coming down to breakfast was to raise the right hand to shoulder level as if about to give a short 'Heil Hitler' salute and then swiftly divert to scratching one's face. There was also jocularity about toothbrush moustaches and rubbing the index and middle fingers of the left hand under one's nose.

This was cut from the final version, which also contained extra anti-BBC spleen.

Then there was the affair of the lecture. The delegation went to several lectures, including one on East-West relations given by Donald Maclaren, a young British diplomat then stationed in Berlin. (He's currently first secretary in Moscow, where he gained brief national fame as a liberal-sounding diplomat featured in the recent BBC documentary, 'Caviar and Cornflakes'.)

Maclaren was given a hard time by some of the delegation members — there was some barracking. One MP who was there this week told us: 'I don't remember that one lecture being any different from many of the things that happened.' Was the term 'barracking' appropriate? 'I mean, you've got a pretty accurate story there . . . I don't wish to shop my fellow MPs'. Another, Simon Coombes, admitted that thare might have been 'some remarks made at the back of the hall . . . [but] nothing out of context of what was being discussed, some of which might have been thought rather controversial.' At any rate, Hamilton felt it needed some kind of explanation. He wrote to Gummer, on 30 January 1984, saying:

> We had a bit of fun at the expense of the Maclaren of Maclaren (of the FO) — principally because we thought he was a conceited individual who was rather too pleased with himself.

HAMILTON AND Gerald Howarth (the other MP who took legal action against the BBC) are determined to present the whole affair as tomfoolery (Coombes says there was 'a fair amount of high spirits') and not evidence of political alignments. This may well be true. According to Andy Roth, the veteran parliamentary observer, who knows Hamilton well: 'He's a great comic, a great prankster, like Jeremy Thorpe was. Hamilton is very right-wing on economics, but never a racist.' Hamilton's wife, Christine, told *Sunday Today* that she fell in love with him because of his 'frightfully hilarious' imitations. She continued, admiringly: 'All he has to do is pull down his fringe a little, blacken a cork with a candle and paint on a moustache and he looks like Hitler.'

Inconclusive evidence

Panorama's evidence against Hamilton relied rather too much on these recent pranks, inconclusive documentary evidence which tends to show only that Tory Action wished to claim to have a link with him, and eccentric behaviour and writing from his student days. His election manifesto for the presidency of Aberystwyth students' union is a pastiche of fascist language: 'The constitutionalist pedants, the ledgerbook minds will be resolutely crushed beneath the iron heel of a victorious people marching on the road to destiny.' There is a 'message of support' from 'his Highness the Maharajah of Jaipur (who is alive and well and living in Bradford): "I am most happy to be recommending NEIL HAMILTON for the post of Supreme Autocrat. Long Live King Victoria! Move right down de bus please. Hold *tight*!" '

We have also obtained an underground Monday Club newsletter dating from 1972, which is effectively the manifesto for G. K. Young in his battle with Jonathan Guinness for the chairmanship of the Club. The BBC do not appear

GET THE WHOLE STORY...

"Airlines should stop presenting their hostesses as sex symbols in advertisements says Everywoman, the feminist magazine." *Daily Mirror*

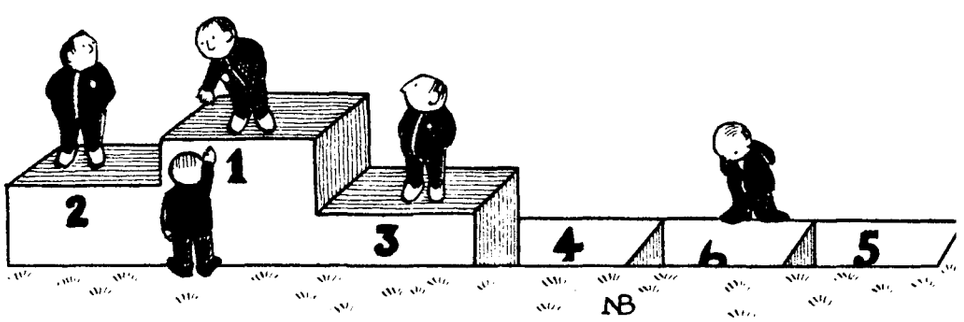
"In an interview which will infuriate many of the Labour Left, Mr Kinnock told Everywoman magazine..." *Daily Mail*

"If you want to know about anything these days. . .the health of little Flora, the reactionary instincts of Neil Kinnock — you must turn to the women's magazines." *The Guardian*

. . .IN EVERYWOMAN

November issue out now: Wendy Savage on what her suspension was really about, woman's-eye view of party conferences, Militant getting funny money, the male pill, organising in rural Scotland, new kinds of aid, weight-training. . .

75p monthly, at all good newsagents. Place a regular order with your local shop, or subscribe: two free extra issues with this ad. Send with £9.60 to Everywoman subs, 34a Islington Green, London N1 8DU for a year of keeping in touch. If it's for a friend, we'll send a card with your message in the first issue.



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to have had a copy of this at the time of the programme though they probably do now. Young went on to found the ginger group Tory Action, whose bulletins are full of virulently racist and anti-semitic statements. The newsletter shows both Hamilton and Howarth as standing for election on the 'G. K. Young ticket'. Howarth, it says, 'holds strong views on immigration'; Hamilton is an 'excellent debater and enjoys much support in university circles.'

Young lost to Guinness, and left the Monday Club. Hamilton and Howarth left at around the same time. This evidence has to be treated with caution. First, the newsletter is an unofficial document. Second, Hamilton and Howarth were young and impressionable at the time, and it would have been difficult to resist Young's glamour (a wartime intelligence officer, he was mentioned in despatches); besides, the exact nature of his views was not apparent in 1972.

One of the witnesses the BBC intended to call was Piers Woolley, a former researcher in Conservative Central Office. Woolley was telephoned in South Africa, where he was then working, by the *Panorama* producer, James Hogan, after the programme had been transmitted; Hogan was trying to get extra anti-Hamilton evidence. Woolley told Hogan that he had been on another party trip earlier in 1983 — this time to Bonn. Hamilton was on that trip too, along with MPs Michael Mills, Robert Kee, Colin Moynihan, Virginia Bottomley, Thomas Sackville; and Premila Le Hunte, the Tory Party's first woman Asian candidate, who stood against Clare Short in the last election.

One evening, Woolley got into an argument with Hamilton on the issue of race. Woolley says that Hamilton expressed himself against the idea of mixed marriages. Hamilton's lawyers knew that Woolley was due to be called as a witness, and attempted to pre-empt his evidence by saying that the court was to hear the allegation that Hamilton had used the terms 'wog', 'nigger' and 'kaffir', but this was '100 per cent incorrect'. There is no doubt that there *was* an argument and that it eventually involved not just Woolley and Hamilton, but Premila Le Hunte as well. According to Woolley, all the members of the trip were aware of the row: 'The whole atmosphere was like a volcano rumbling for two days,' he told the *New Statesman*. We have not been able to speak to Le Hunte who was also on the Berlin trip.

Hamilton's views, which he is prepared to put into print, *are* obnoxious, but don't go beyond what is acceptable in the Tory party. In February 1984 he wrote an article for his local paper in which he proposed 'a vigorous policy of voluntary repatriation', arguing that 'it is vital to contain the extent of our racial diversity', and that 'there is no real sign of integration and we are sitting on a racial time bomb.' At the same time he says that his wish is for 'multiracial diversity with racial harmony, mutual respect and toleration, social tranquility and spontaneous order'.

However, he does have a tendency to tell different stories at different times. For example, his trip to the 1972 MSI conference in Italy. Was he going as the Monday Club's representative or on his own behalf? There is an ambiguity in his successive statements, partly caused, no doubt, by the fact that it was an ambiguous situation. At the time of the conference, the *Sunday Telegraph* claimed that he had told them 'we weren't representing the Monday Club in any way.' However, in a letter to *Searchlight* magazine in August 1983 he said that he went as a Monday Club observer. Writing to Gummer in October 1983, he says the same thing. In the recent *Sunday Times* piece he implies that he was somehow an *unofficial* MC observer, along mainly for the fresh air and fun.

Again, in the *Sunday Times* article, he says that he received 'an apology' from Demitri Argyropulo, the chairman of the Young Conservatives' subcommittee which compiled the original report, for allegations contained in the report. We have that letter. There is no word of apology other than regret that the draft report had leaked out: Argyropulo gives Hamilton certain assurances — for example that he accepts Hamilton is not and never has been a fascist — but they are accusations the YCs had never made.

SINCE THE trial came to its abrupt conclusion, attention has switched to allegations made in the House of Commons by Labour MP Dale Campbell-Savours that Conservative Party officials had attempted to interfere with potential witnesses. Campbell-Savours has based his claims on a letter written by Phil Pedley, the former chairman of the YCs, to John Gummer on 24 November 1984, after writs had been issued. Gummer's reply to Pedley, four days later, shows a curious lack of concern at the allegation of criminal activity: 'As for your remarks about Conservative Central Office and the statements made by *Panorama*, my job is singlemindedly to protect the interests of the Party.'

For conspiracy theorists, this is fertile ground. In May 1984, Phil Pedley's car was broken into while he was at a trade fair at the security-conscious Heathrow Holiday Inn Hotel. Crucial evidence for the case, including letters signed by Harvey Proctor and Gerald Howarth, was in a briefcase in the back of his car, which was taken. Luckily, he had kept photocopies.

Another strange incident concerns Demitri Argyropulo, who was arrested for alleged shoplifting in January 1984. Unusually, a report of the committal proceedings was sent to the local paper by a freelance reporter previously unknown to the paper, and who has since proved impossible to trace. Argyropulo was eventually acquitted; the trial juge said that he would have a good case if he took civil proceedings against the police.

A third YC official, Martine Kushner, found her name and address appearing in *Bulldog*, the magazine of the Young National Front, on its 'hitlist'. Why should the National Front have it in for a member of the Conservative Party?

In the nature of things, there is no evidence to link these incidents to the Conservative Party. Campbell-Savours's allegations of witness-nobbling are equally difficult to substantiate. Some of those who had spoken to the BBC researchers had no wish to give the appearance of wanting to give evidence in court against their own party, and arranged to be subpoenaed even though this wasn't strictly necessary.

But in the light of the case the party might like to revise its ideas on smears, and guilt by association. Its own party political broadcast just before last year's Labour conference — full of doomladen music, trying to show that Labour has always been in the hands of hardfaced union bosses and militant Trots — used old library footage of a march against Harold Wilson's 1969 Industrial Relations Bill. One interesting frame shows a placard with the slogan 'This is not democracy'. Above it, a picture — of Adolf Hitler. □

NEWS

The gun *and* the ballot box

THE BITTER Sinn Fein split on the abstentionist issue, and the formation of the breakaway party Republican Sinn Fein, was an inevitable result of increasing polarisation along right-rural/left-urban lines in the Republican movement.

To the Republican 'old guard', led by former Sinn Fein President Ruairi O'Bradaigh and former IRA Chief of Staff Daithi O Conail, even discussing the ban on Sinn Fein candidates taking the seats in Leinster House (the Republic's parliament) was a fundamental heresy — implying direct recognition of the 1922 'illegitimate' partition of Ireland.

O'Bradaigh's argument that it was 'unconstitutional' to drop abstentionism was strongly geared towards his own rural power base in the Republic's farming communities — which looks to the 1920-22 Irish Civil War for its Republican credentials. Its bias is towards upholding the Republican principles of the dwindling descendants of the Irish Civil War.

The walk-out at the Sinn Fein conference exposed obvious divisions between the old 'Republican rump' in the Irish Republic and the more British-style class politics of Sinn Fein's Northern leadership. Gerry Adams's strategy is to 'Ulsterise' the Irish Republic, and break through the mould of personality politics which dominate Fianna Fail and Fine Gael.

Adams's supporters are realistic enough to realise that their electoral prospects in the Republic will be limited in the immediate future. 'We must accept the reality that 65 years of Republican struggle and Republican rhetoric has signally failed to convince the majority of people in the 26 counties that the Republican Movement has any relevance to them. By ignoring that reality we remain alone and isolated on the high altar of abstentionism,' said Martin McGuinness, a close associate of the Sinn Fein President.

The walk-out by the new breakaway party will enable the Sinn Fein leadership to apply their northern 'armalite and ballot box strategy' and seek to capitalise on social and economic issues in the Irish Republic. In Adams's eyes British withdrawal will only be achieved with widespread electoral support in the Irish Republic for the IRA military campaign.

Kevin Toolis

New Statesman subscribers

From this week (issue of 7 Nov.) subscription copies will be posted from our printers in Colchester. This change should not affect delivery times as copies of the *NS* will actually be entering the postal system earlier than at present.

However, please keep a close eye on when your copy arrives for the first few weeks after the change and write to **Joanne Hurst, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU**, if you notice any delays or disruption to your usual delivery pattern. Copies should reach subscribers living in London and the South East on Friday and on either Friday or *at the very latest* Saturday elsewhere in the UK.

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'It's so difficult to get servants these days'

Is widening inequality creating a new servant class?* JOHN RENTOUL *argues that despite the billowing of disposable money in the hands of the new rich, and despite 3½ million unemployed, the domestic servant is not making a come-back

NEAL ASCHERSON created a stir in his *Observer* column in May when he predicted that the inheritance of inflated-price London property would create a new class of people with 'staggering reserves of liquid cash', who would employ the capital's poor as servants. Suddenly the conversation over even left-wing dinner tables — cooked and served by 'someone from the agency' — revolved round the problems of getting a nanny, how much to pay the daily and whether it was against one's principles to have a driver.

The anecdotal evidence seems to support Ascherson's thesis; more people do have nannies, it's no longer difficult to find domestic cleaners and even young middle-class people often employ them. Louise, for example, is 23 and a journalist on a trade magazine. She lives on Clapham Common in south London with David, a junior doctor, and they both work long hours for relatively good pay.

They employ Jackie, a local woman in her 50s, to do cleaning and ironing. 'It's quite a large flat', explains Louise, 'and she makes it less like a tip. And it stops us fighting — it really does. Most people argue about the housework.' They pay her £2.50 an hour — 'that's just what she said she got paid' — and it comes to about £12.50 a week. 'I suppose when I was an idealistic socialist student I thought I'd never, never have people do things for me. But I never look on it as a sort of employee-employer situation.'

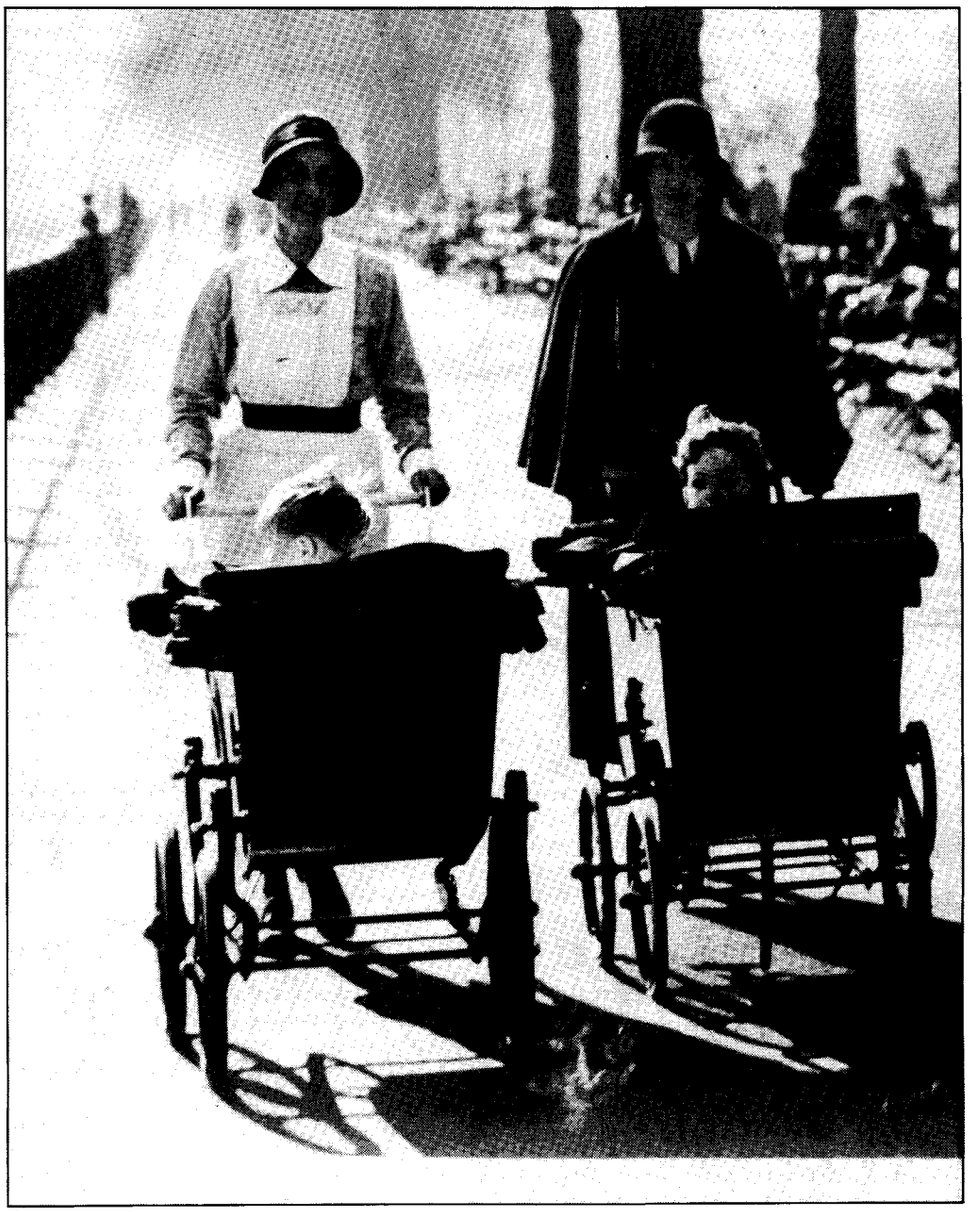
The conditions of supply and demand do seem right for the growth of domestic service. The first condition is a big enough differential between incomes of employers and employee. I asked a millionaire resident of Hampstead if he had servants. 'Now, look,' he said. 'My wife works long hours, and we have two children aged three and four. What do you think I do?' I thought he had a nanny and a cleaner. 'Right. My wife is a director of a public company and can earn ten times as much as we pay a nanny.'

He's not exaggerating. In 1982 the after-tax income of the top 10 per cent of families was ten times the pre-tax income of the bottom 10 per cent. This gap had increased from eight times in the first three years of the Thatcher government,* and since then it has widened further.

Management surveys show salaries rising by 10 per cent a year (higher percentage rises the higher the salary level) for the past four years, while average earnings as a whole have been rising by 7.5 per cent a year. The top 10 per cent now have a larger share of earned income than at any time since the war. And wages for the bottom 5-10 per cent of those still in work have fallen behind inflation since 1979.

Before the war, however, wealth was distributed much more unequally than it is now, and income from wealth pushed up the income of the top 1 per cent. Nowadays it would cost around £40,000 a year to pay the salaries and National Insurance of the half-dozen *Upstairs, Downstairs* staff, plus the substantial costs of providing board and lodging. But the more modest pre-war middle-class staff of cook, nanny and (perhaps part-time) gardener is now affordable for a larger number of two-earner couples on high salaries.

WHAT'S MOST striking since 1979 is the differential rate of increase of women's pay. Although the proportion of married women in



Mary Evans Picture Library

'Look out, nanny, it's one of those photographers taking pictures for the 1980s when it'll be fashionable to have servants again . . .'

*Distribution of income among tax units — that is single people and married couples — 1978/79 to 1981/82, CSO *Economic Trends* July 1984.

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full-time work has remained unchanged at just over 20 per cent through the 1980s, the highest-paid 10 per cent of women (some 600,000 full-timers now earning over about £12,000) earn *at least* 25 per cent more in real terms than in 1979**. More women with children are going to work, especially the parents of those in the 11-14 age range.

The fact that more women have professional careers means that even though their earnings may not be particularly high when they have young children, their potential for high earnings later in life would be affected by a career break. So demand for nannies — if not other 'servants' — should be increasing.

But official statistics are no longer collected on domestic servants in Britain (in the *US* there were officially 735,000 people 'employed in private households' in 1983, 0.8 per cent of the whole workforce), so we have to rely on informal evidence. Robert Chantry-Price, director of the National Nursery Exam Board (NNEB) says that of the 5,000 nursery nurses trained on NNEB-certified courses each year, 40-50 per cent go into private service of some kind, 'the vast bulk of them going to be nannies'. These numbers have only increased by 3-4 per cent over the past four years.

Agencies like Barncrofts of Belgravia, however, report booming demand for mother's helps — untrained live-in servants who usually do cleaning and housework as well as looking after children. But this is not the top end of the market. 'Working mothers try to pick up girls relatively young because they can't afford to pay them more than £80 to £100 per week plus National Insurance,' says Mrs Barncroft.

This doesn't suggest that we're really going back to the pre-war days of 'domestic staff' — although the TV licence office seems to think those days have never gone: computerised TV licences still specify that they apply to the holder and 'any member of his/her family and domestic staff'.

Butlers may have been saved from extinction in this country by the Thatcherite enrichment; Mrs Barncroft has four or five butling vacancies on her books at any one time. But there's been no butling boom (except in America: see box), nor do live-in housekeepers, cooks and maids appear to be making a come-back. In fact 'live-in' seems to be out.

WHAT *IS* TAKING OFF is the provision of domestic services by agencies and companies based outside the home. 'If you think about laundry and Jeeves of Belgravia, all the services that servants would have done are available at the touch of a telephone,' says the Hampstead millionaire, explaining why he didn't need a valet, even though he could afford one.

Agencies like South of the River in London provide cleaning, ironing, babysitting and will cook and deliver food for dinner parties, and take the washing-up away the next day. They will deal with almost any domestic hassle — including 24-hour emergency electrical and plumbing — and will let these 'temporary servants' in while their 'masters' and 'mistresses' are out at work. It is a membership club which has been in existence for 12 years, but growth has 'accelerated in the past four years' according to its director. It now has over 1,000 members in south London, and costs £50 a year.

So although the workers provided by such agencies do the work that servants used to, they are either self-employed skilled workers ('our freelance gentlemen' as South of the River put it) or low-paid hourly employees (South of the River's cleaners get £2.80 an hour plus fares) who owe no special loyalty to their temporary establishments.

What has happened is a profound change in people's attitudes since 1939, when the last episode of *Upstairs, Downstairs* is set. Social deference isn't what it was.

Evidence of the reluctance of potential servants to return to Victorian values: two employment agencies told us that it's easier to get a job living in, while there's a shortage of work for daily ('living out') mother's helps. And nannies frequently speak of the isolation and lack of freedom of 'living-in'.

More importantly, the attitudes of those with the power to decide — those who might employ servants — have also not returned to pre-war positions. The Hampstead millionaire regards servants — other than nannies and housekeepers — as 'an intrusion'. 'And I don't have a chauffeur. The idea of having a man outside waiting for me is something I don't like at all.' A rich QC, who shall also have to remain anonymous, abandoned a holiday in India, where he was staying at a luxury hotel, because he couldn't stand the idea of having a man whose job it was to stay outside his room all night in case he needed anything.

There's a very common awkwardness about directly employing someone to come in and clean for even two hours a week. The popularity of agencies may be that they come between employer and employee and absolve the employer of responsibility.

This responsibility is often shuffled off to the underground economy — cash in hand and the universal assumption that 'she doesn't declare it and she's claiming dole' somehow compensate for the poverty wages. Hourly pay for mother's helps can be as low as £2 an hour in London.

A soft left member of Islington Labour Party (also anon) employs the same cleaner as many of his comrades at a relatively high £3.50 an hour. But £3.50 for, say, six hours a day, comes to £105 a week. It may be more than the proposed TUC/Labour Party legal minimum wage of £80, and it might put her above the lowest-paid quarter of full-time women employees. But her employer earns perhaps £350 a week. So how was the £3.50 arrived at? 'It just seemed to be the going rate.' The what? 'Yes. She probably does about six hours a day — mind you it is quite hard work cleaning someone's house — and is doing quite well out of it. You don't actually feel you're exploiting someone. I mean if it was £1 an hour or something I'd pay more. I would want to pay a living wage.'

Questions of how much to pay, and not wanting to be responsible for the welfare, sick pay and pensions of domestic workers, means that the middle class with disposable income and better things to do than housework and cooking prefer an arm's length, market relationship. And so do the service workers.

So there is a trend back towards inequality — financial and cultural (Auberon Waugh and Peregrine Worsthorne's open contempt for 'morons and yobboes' of the 'sub-class', *Sunday Telegraph* 7 September 1986). It's the double divisiveness of the Haves, Have Nots and Have Lots again.

But these social divisions occur in a new economic context, made by the convergence of two post-war trends: the growth of service industries and the spread of labour-saving devices. The service sector is extending into the home, while labour-saving *devices* — hoovers, fridges, central heating, freezers, microwaves — are being supplemented by labour-saving *labour*. This includes eating out, temporary servants for eating in, outfitters who will come to your desk in City offices. But this has not been accompanied (yet) by a willingness to go back to the idea of 'owning' another person. As Bertie Wooster put it in 1954: 'not quite the Feudal Spirit, Jeeves.' □

Butling for Britain

'THE REAL CRUSTED, vintage butler passed away with Edward VII,' said P.G. Wodehouse (*Over Seventy*, 1957). 'The post-First World War butler was a mere synthetic substitute for the ones we used to know. When we septuagenarians speak of butlers, we are thinking of what used to lurk behind the front doors of Mayfair at the turn of the century.'

Butlers, even synthetic ones, were nearly extinct when the Conservatives came to power in 1979. But now they are alive and well and earning a starting salary of getting on for £10,000 — plus free accommodation. One sign of this revival — or at least synthesised salvation — is the Ivor Spencer Butlers School in Norwood, south London, set up by Ivor himself in 1981. He's a former chef at the Dorchester, president of the Guild of Toastmasters and a plausible rogue. Pressed twice on the source for his claim that there were 30,000 butlers in England before the war he rambled longingly over the decline of the 'family house'.

So take these figures with a pinch of salt. 'The only people in Britain who have butlers today,' he says, 'are the royals, merchant banks, embassies and stately homes'. About 15 top business persons have butlers, he estimates, 'but if it wasn't for America I don't know if I could keep the school open'. For every butler placed in Britain, he places six or eight in the US.

He has two schools: one in Norwood, round the corner from his and the Thatchers' houses in Dulwich. And one in Houston, Texas. The going rate for butlers in the US is $25,000 a year (£17,600), although Spencer boasted of having 'placed somebody this afternoon with a superb apartment, gas and electric free, shirts and cleaning done by the housekeeper, and a salary of $40,000 a year plus bonuses'.

Most of his training involves injunctions not to be 'familiar'. 'That's the difference between a butler and a houseman. A houseman does everything, heavy cleaning and cooking. But most important he hasn't got the *style* of the butler'. He runs day courses for American millionaires who are employing butlers for the first time — 'they have an insatiable appetite to do the right thing'. 'I have plenty of stories like that,' he said. Another time, perhaps. 'Any time. Any time. I'm delighted to be appearing in the *Spectator*.' ●

**New Earnings Survey April 1979 to April 1985, projected to October 1986 by average earnings and deflated by Retail Prices Index.

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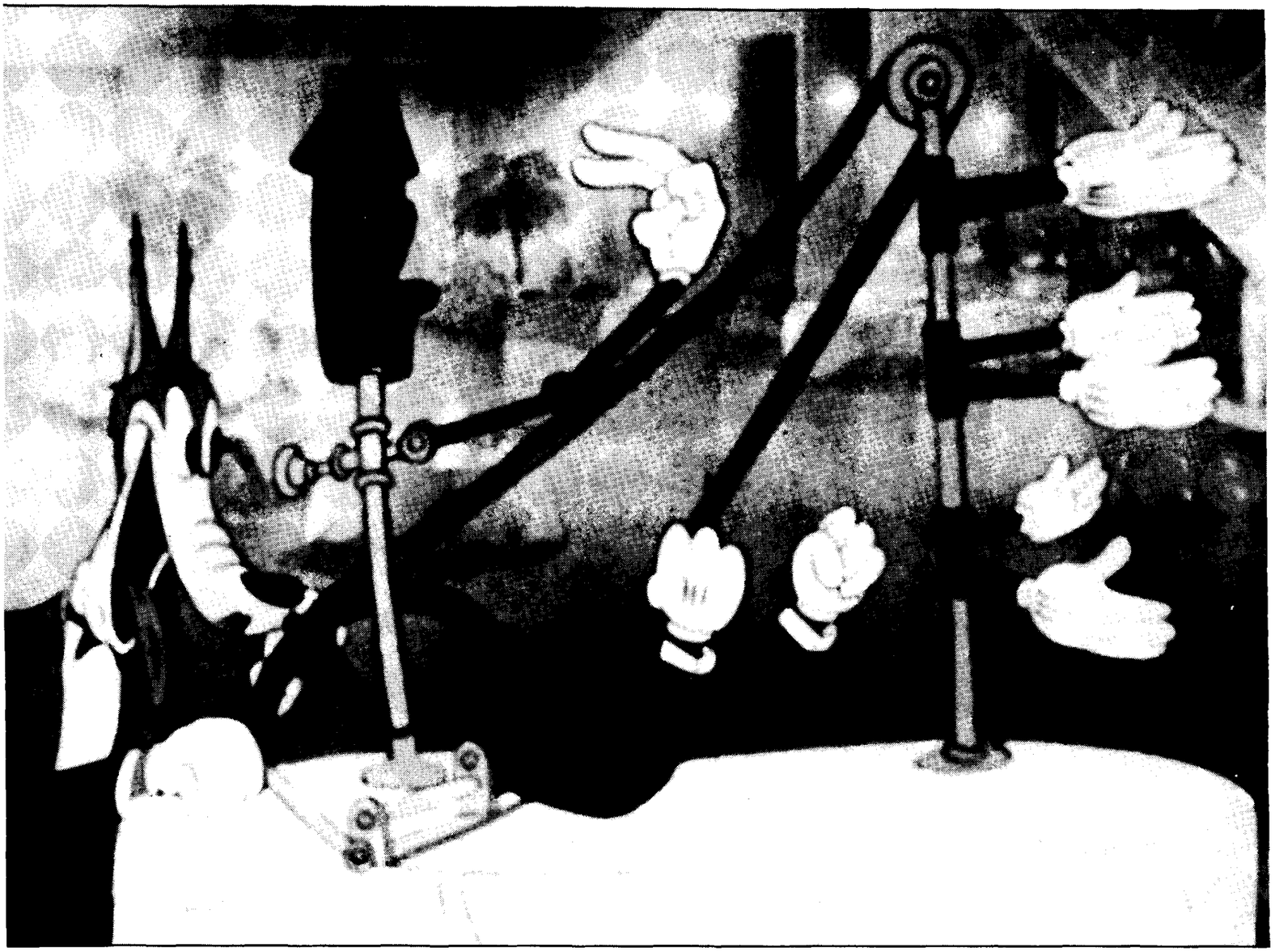

Polymorphous perversity par excellence in Tex Avery's *Red Hot Riding Hood*, part of the Everyman season

CINEMA

The interpretation of dreams

Judith Williams

Syncopation Animation
Everyman London; Arts Cinema Cambridge
Hard Cell — Politics and Propaganda
Everyman; Filmhouse Edinburgh (from 19 November)
Basil the Great Mouse Detective (U)
Odeon Leicester Square

THE WAY FILM WORKS as a visual language is to a large extent disguised by the fact that its images happen to be produced by means of photography, and that the things photographed are 'real'. Thus whether or not a film sets out deliberately to be 'realist', the viewer tends to see its meaning as lying in *what* is depicted, rather than as being constructed within a two-dimensional frame. Animation, however, presents us with film stripped of its symbolic relation to reality, reminding us instead of its generic links with graphic design and other forms of two-dimensional art.

I introduce the BFI's **Syncopation Animation** and **Hard Cell — Politics and Propaganda** programmes in this context because far from being a sort of sub-form of film, of interest only to children and specialists, animation could be seen as essential film, exploiting its unique capacities for movement and meaning unhampered by photography. Obviously the most exciting films do this whether through animation or not; the first piece in the *Hard Cell* selection is a 1924 animation by experimental Soviet director Dzigha Vertov, called *Soviet Toys*, in which many devices common to his film work can be found. Early films by other Soviet directors like Eisenstein, Dovzhenko and Pudovkin also have close links with the poster forms of their time.

As Freud pointed out in his analysis of dreams, a visual language works with almost childlike simplicity: if something is big it is important or powerful, if small the opposite, and so on. In *Soviet Toys* Vertov's giant capitalist 'pig', eating up Russia's resources, towers over the worker and peasant until they join forces and finally deflate him — literally. Scale is treated entirely as a conceptual, not a realist tool. This vocabulary is extended in Norman McLaren's powerful anti-war animation *Hell Unlimited* (1936) — which has much in common with Heartfield's work,

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TRAILERS

The Imperial War Museum presents two selections of British propaganda films from WW1, with piano accompaniment, this weekend: on 8 November at 2.30, 'The Battle Front'; on 9 November at 3.00, 'Women on the Home Front'. Further details from the museum, 01-735 8922.

Alchemists of the Surreal moves to the Plymouth Arts Centre with a programme including early Melies fantasies and a selection of experimental and surreal works on 11 November at 8.00. Details from the Arts Centre on 0752-660060.

Blood Red Roses shows at Filmhouse, Edinburgh, on 12 November in a special screening introduced by director John McGrath, who will answer questions from the audience in a discussion. Details from Filmhouse: 031-228 2688.

montage being another of the essential components of cinema. People are shown being fed into a mincer to produce weapons, a munitions 'plant' being watered by arms dealers, words from a radio going 'in one ear, out the other' — all these (again, as Freud says of dreams) translating thoughts into images, making concepts concrete.

Another area where animation draws out the inherent capacities of film is in the relation of movement to music, and the *Syncopation Animation* selection shows this particularly clearly. From the abstract movements of shape and colour in Len Lye's, Norman McLaren's or Oskar Fischinger's non-representational work to the slipping and a-sliding of Looney Tunes or Betty Boop, the best of this work is characterised by a liberating disregard for narrative in favour of rhythm, movement and metamorphosis.

Betty Boop was originally created for Max and Dave Fleischer by the great animator Grim Natwick, who went on to do the figure of Snow White herself for Disney. What is particularly interesting about *Betty Boop in Snow White* (1933), one of the classics in this collection and predating the Disney feature by only four years, is its anarchic fluidity both as regards plot and in the extraordinary metamorphoses of the characters themselves. The obligatory 'mirror, mirror' story rapidly gives way to a funky underworld where the characters change forms entirely and, as it were, metamorphose to music — 'St James Infirmary' by Cab Calloway. The abandonment of character and plot is extreme in this instance, but the slippery shifts in shape and the overtly sexual quality of Betty Boop (the only animated character to be banned by Hollywood censors as 'lewd') are characteristic of much early animation and are still seen in the best of the Disney features — *Snow White*, an extraordinarily fluent and graceful film, being a case in point.

However, one of Disney's achievements was to introduce a greater 'realism' into his animated characters, and part of that realism was consistency of shape, matched on another level by consistency of character. Model sheets laid down the limits to movement by particular figures (it would be inconceivable for, say, Mickey Mouse to change form) and the bodily anarchy of some of the Fleischer oeuvre is replaced by coherent identities.

With recent Disney productions — e.g. *A Christmas Carol* and **Basil the Great Mouse Detective** — this process goes even further with animal 'characters' in fictional human 'roles': Scrooge, Tiny Tim, or, in the case of *Basil*, Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson. There is none of the wild elasticity of earlier animation and *Basil* deliberately employs a repertoire of genre film scenarios: the characters perform musical numbers, solve crimes, and there is even a Hitchcockian chase across the face of Big Ben. But if mice could act, the film might almost as well have been photographed.

The most striking aspect of the reactions of the innumerable small children in the audience is that they laughed almost exclusively at points of physical destruction or disintegration: since this hardly happens to the *characters*, they had to be satisfied with Basil crushing his violin, for instance, which they liked better than anything except an untypical moment when Basil's face is flattened by a smashing cymbal.

Children have an ecstatic fascination with violent physical transformations, which can roughly translate (Freud again) as symbolic agressions to the body, without real effects. (This is surely part of the great delight for adults also of Tom and Jerry etc.) What appears to be an increasing censorship and morality in contemporary Disney features results from mistaking the symbolic for the real — a bit like sending someone to prison for having a violent dream. Which returns to my starting point: animation is a vivid reminder that film itself is not only a visual language, but one whose grammar is that of our own unconscious. □

DANCE

Ghost city

Stephanie Jordan

Dance Umbrella '86 has been like a party without a host

HAS THIS YEAR'S been a 'good Umbrella', as an acquaintance opined? It has, as an international event and in terms of widening the field of venues (now eight) and potential audiences. But Umbrella '86 has been less successful in attracting mature and exciting indigenous work: this year, no Laurie Booth, no Rosemary Butcher, no Second Stride (its choreographers were busy on a TV project) to raise the quality of our contributions.

Many independents have now grown up, if they haven't given up, establishing their own touring circuits and preferring to work at freer times of the year rather than hustle for a spot in this crowded autumn festival. Unfortunately, they have left Umbrella — with its policy of continuing exchange of ideas between British and foreign artists — in a predicament which should no longer exist: for the first three weeks of the festival, at least, the tame British product was swamped by superior imports. They send over the pick; we offer the indifferent.

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Thus performances by the veterans of the US post-modern scene, Dana Reitz and Meredith Monk, were the most memorable of the opening weeks, both artists able to keep you to their meanings and imagery however obliquely stated, a skill absent from much British work. I respect the fact that Reitz holds aloof from the current American taste for whamming *prestissimo* dancing with steadily pounding accompaniments. Through fluid breath response and modulated pulse, the rhythms in her *Solo in Silence* are far more infectious and her dance is like a meditation into which we are drawn firmly but tactfully, an efficient and considered experience. A series of states of mind is suggested as the light seeks her out and forms different territories for her; Reitz as restless animal, a bird, a person, petulant, dogmatic, playful, wild, a sleeper. But the language is coherent: arcs and swirls; rocking and pacing; fingers and toes that dart or shimmer. The performer's concentration guides us. We experience the satisfaction of having been led on a journey without once getting lost.

The connections in Monk's work are more literal and she commands any medium that will support her point, be it music, film, costume or simple movement. Hers is an eccentric oeuvre, but it has a powerful humanity, displaying fondness and compassion for the ordinary and the troubled. The connotations of *Turtle Dreams* are bleak: war, crime, violence, impending holocaust. It's not illogical that Berlin and Japan are the geographical focus. A film shows a desolate cityscape and then a moonlit desert terrain. Berlin Waltz is no waltz, just four people staring blankly and marking out a step-together-step-together routine. The accompaniment is electric organ and a wailing song that may break into an emotional, body-shaking sob. By introducing diversion, Monk shows that she has come to terms with the enormity of her content. There is a sort of cabaret presentation; the humour of the lowly turtle filmed in extraordinary circumstances, shuffling across a map of the world, through the ghost city and then like a dinosaur gazing at the moon (or possibly the only survivor of annihilation); a bizarre impression of the Japanese performing oriental gestures over hip isolations that are Western cha cha. The mythology that Monk has established here is not as compelling as in her other works, but there is no denying the individuality of her allusion and of her mixture of magics.

Strong showings also came from the younger contingent of New York post-modernists, Stephen Petronio and Susan Marshall, and from the French Compagnie Cré-Ange.

At last, in the fourth week of the festival, the strengths of British work emerged, mainly in the shared programmes. Jonathan Burrows' return was most welcome, his *Hymns* justifying my memory of him as one of our most imaginative young choreographers. Burrows explores the prep schoolboy's capacity for anarchy beneath a proper exterior, his dance a metaphor for the rivalry, tormenting and mockery games that go on in those supposedly orderly and harmonious institutions: the lining up, filing out, handshaking and assembly (the accompaniment a set of Anglican hymns played on an upright piano). Burrows brings out an undercurrent of cruelty but assures humour from the strange, plodding transitions during which, behind masks of lugubrious choirboy innocence, the next mayhem is plotted. The expression achieved is subtle, fun with a sharp twinge of discomfort. The style is unique, the control of ideas faultless.

So far, the emphasised musical thrust of this festival has been unexciting: choreographers commissioned to collaborate with composers or to use scores from the Electro-Acoustic Music Association library. Ashley Page and John-Marc Gowans were an exception. Like musicians at a ball, Gowans and band are active on stage, but here it is *'Accident' Ballroom*, the crowd motley and discordant, confrontations inclined to disruption: Gowan's percussion, guitars and synthesiser are alternately abrasive, hard-hitting and quietly sinister. Costumes are a macabre assortment of garb and glitter, with ambitious jewellery and headgear with perhaps a suggestion of Spain. Page has assembled an unlikely mixture of dancers for this fray — RB colleagues and modern dancers from various backgrounds — and made a dance that thrives on clashing style and reference, from the ballet girls who embrace graciously and strut elegantly on *pointe* to Catherine Becque darting about mercurially in the way we recall from her days with Rambert, skewering her stilettos into the floor. Finally, the differences dissolve. □

TELEVISION

That was . . .

Hugo Williams

I THOUGHT ARTHUR NEGUS and Humphrey Lyttelton were looking remarkably well preserved in **Going For A Song** (BBC2) until I noticed that it had first gone out in 1971 and was being repeated as part of the current 'Fifty Years of BBC TV' celebrations, in which, as in the above show, 'customers and connoisseurs are invited to explore the world of Antiques'. When it was over, antique announcer Peter Haig was passed round for evaluation. He had to appear as he is today, but he too looked very well considering.

Later, Cliff Michelmore, whose face regularly ages back and forth over the period in question, was asked to do his 'Remembering *Tonight*' routine, this time with clips inserted to whip the rug out from under his habitual boasting on the subject. To Cliff, the history of TV is divided into 'Before *Tonight*' and 'After *Tonight*'. On BT TV, he remembered, there used to be a no-TV 'Toddler's Truce' between 6 and 7 in the evening. But with the introduction of commercial television Associated Rediffusion decided to invade this haven and the BBC had to follow suit. What an opportunity they missed to drive a wedge of silence into the welter of over-production that has swamped television since then. With persistence they might have extended the 'Toddler's Truce' into a whole TV-free day — Thursday, for instance, as they have in Iceland. Then, with Thursdays under their belts, who knows what they might not have gone on to achieve on our behalf?

Obviously Michelmore had been unaware of such possibilities. 'We were never allowed to do news items,' he lamented, 'but we got round it with our Topical Calypsos, written by Bernard Levin.' We were now treated to shots of Cy Grant trying to sing some wordy witticisms off a refractory autocue while Fyfe Robertson investigated a poteen distillery in the Irish outback. 'Well, what do you think of it?' asked the anxious bootlegger. 'It's very strong,' replied the dour Scot, throwing a wet blanket over the proceedings. It was all very long ago and far away, so that one was amazed to hear Michelmore claiming that the celebrated *That Was The Week That Was* had come directly out of the same 'tough stable'. He was right, of course. When we finally got to see a repeat of this legendary satirical programme, chosen for its representative splendour, it was barely up to end-of-term standards, let alone end-of-pier. And, sure enough, there was Millicent Martin doing a Topical Calypso written by Bernard Levin. I was reminded of Lenny Henry's recent sketch in which he pointed out that the difference between drawing-room comedies and kitchen-sink dramas of the period had largely been a matter of French windows. The only thing that was ahead of its time on TW3 was David Frost's accent. How we hated him at home with his awful haircut! Still, haircut and accent have had the last laugh. As Soames Forsyte remarked in another celebratory regurgitation which hasn't worn well (**The Forsyte Saga**, BBC2), 'Nowadays we're all engulfed in one vast petrol-smelling democratic Cheerio.'

I seem to remember that **Face To Face** (BBC2) got its reputation for vindictive personal enquiry when John Freeman made Gilbert Harding cry in close-up. The sample offered here was less penetrating, although the lighting had a modern feel to it. Faced with a kind of fan-club style of questioning from John Freeman, Adam Faith remained resolutely unfearful. Did he buy all his own clothes for himself? He did. Did he still live at home with his parents? He did. 'So you're really much the same Terry Nellens you always were really? 'Yes.' The truth of this answer, embodied in the unexceptionable Mr Nellens, was irrefutable. 'Mostly, I wanted a car,' he tried to explain, as our future ambassador to India questioned him about his musical ambitions. The most remarkable thing about the interview today is the way Faith keeps tapping his fingernail impatiently on the edge of a glass ashtray, causing it to ring, an action at odds with his deferential pose, as if he were secretly hoping for some of that in-depth stuff he'd heard so much about.

Adam Faith, it will be remembered, was part of the clean-up operation on rock'n'roll in the late Fifties. All you can hear on the records today is a Buddy Holly fan being overpowered by a James Bond theme. An example of this was heard on the most interesting revival of the batch, **Juke Box Jury** (BBC2). This was a show invented before the American invasion; before everyone had to look as though they were having a secret orgasm all the time or they weren't televisual; before *Ready Steady Go*, that is. *Juke Box Jury* looks fascinatingly static today and should be revived immediately. There is a refreshing eroticism in watching rows of embarrassed teenagers crossing their legs and adjusting pensive expressions for the cameras as Johnny Tillotson pays down his tribute to teenage nubility, *Poetry in Motion*. As usual, the panel didn't like it, but they thought it would be a hit. 'I agree with David McCallum,' said Nina and Frederick approvingly of a Pinky and Perky novelty, 'I like stuffed animals and cartoons.' Insert an 'am' in there somewhere and you have it.

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As if to illustrate the chronic traffic jam of programmes currently afflicting television, Fay Weldon appeared last week on **The Dilemma of a She-Novelist** (BBC2) at the exact moment when her star Julie T. Wallace was appearing on **Wogan** (BBC1). 'Romantic love,' said Weldon, 'is a destructive force in the lives of women today. It is women's instinct to be good that renders them powerless. Peel away the wife, peel away the mother, find the woman and there you have the she-devil.' It is only now that I understand the sad truth of why her superb she-devil had to apply her magnificent powers to the re-possession of such a boring little man. Romantic love. □

THEATRE

Bounced Czech

Victoria Radin

Kafka's Dick
ALAN BENNETT *Royal Court*

HAVING JUST SURVIVED a Kafkaesque experience, I was in good mettle to enjoy Kafka's dick, or any of his parts. But **Kafka's Dick**, like the original member, apparently, is smaller than one hoped. It's not that it's short or unremarkable. It's absolutely gnarled with *richesses*, a veritable *embarras* of them, as Sydney (we'll come to him in a moment) might say. But its desire to do so many things with itself makes knowing it a bit disappointing.

Alan Bennett wrote this play about Kafka's Thing, and also about famous literary figures and their biographers-cum-scavengers-cum-cannibalisers-cum-fathers, after he had completed the screenplay for *Prick Up Your Ears*, John Lahr's light-hearted biography of the famed and pored-over playwright Joe Orton. The experience, for Bennett, appears to have been both souring and exhilarating. His play is poisonous about biographers (a tribe to which he must now admit some allegiance) and kindled by farce. Much of this bumpy, funny and far too intellectualised comedy of mistaken (and lost) identities (animal and human) is *après* Orton. But then it would be fair to say — if my lit-crit impulses hadn't been beaten up and etherised upon a table — that there are basic similarities between Orton and Kafka. Both share a profound hatred of authority, particularly when it is invested in men. In Bennett's play, the bestial and indeed Freudianly-castrating father-figure does, so to speak, his nut.

But before we go for the red herrings let's get to the tortoise. Bennett's premise is that Kafka, having wrung from his pal Max Brod the promise to burn all his manuscripts and papers, falls into a feverish dying sleep and dreams what in fact really happened — that Brod not only published them but with his own biography released a flood in which every one of his dead friend's private parts, including the titular one, have been picked and pawed over.

Kafka may have been ambivalent about this request, as Bennett demonstrates in the clever first scene, with the tall, plaintive Mr K (Roger Lloyd Pack) and his straight and much smaller feed Mr Brod (Andrew Sachs) parrying like a pair of Jewish vaudevillians. But when he returns to Earth — which of course is England; this is, among other things, a reproach-England play — there is little discernible ambivalence at all. He is famous, but then so is Brod, a much lesser writer. And so are his hated parents.

But to the tortoise. Kafka is born again out of one — metamorphosed, as it were. Kafka's Dad, the horrible Hermann, materialises as a cop (later, in paradise, when Bennett loses his grip, as God) who owes a lot to Père Ubu; and his mother comes on as . . . mum. One of Bennett's points, in his rather double-edged battle with misogyny, is that women have no identity outside their relationship to a man. The Ks turn up at the house of Linda, dim and lusty, and Sydney, who happens, like guess-who, to be in insurance and is writing an essay on you-know-who. It is also the home of Sydney's elderly father, who thinks each one is a 'Them' or authority-figure come to cart him off to a home. (They aren't but he is. Going to be.) Bennett gives some of his best lines to this initially merely cruelly-written figure, who gradually becomes sympathetic as he tries to evade incarceration by arming himself with facts about our K.

He becomes, in what is effectively one of the play's two Trials, one of Us rather than one of Them. And who are We and They? The vulgar or merely spiritually bankrupt, or bullying, or second-rate Philistine (as opposed to the exploited creative artists) keep falling out of the farce, like a skeleton from a closet, despite what may be Bennett's own attempts at self-parody in the (partly) craven K. But the demarcations constantly shift. Sydney claims that in Britain 'gossip is the acceptable face of intellect'. This goes down rather oddly in a play in which the author gives his audience points for every name he drops.

But the major flaw is technical, and it's one that neither Richard Eyre, who directs, nor the actors can do too much about. The problem with *Kafka's Dick*, whose audacity and high spiritedness I applaud but whose pretentions I deplore is that characters are made too inconsistently to grease the wheels of what is a vastly cumbersome plot. Roger Lloyd Pack, Andrew Sachs and Jim Broadbent (Hermann) stay with the caricature; while in the living world Geoffrey Palmer's Sydney miraculously bestrides parody and credibility. Alison Steadman (Linda) has gone for a warm and nearly behaviourist interpretation, which at times puts her in a different play, but at least gives us something to hang on to. □

RECORDS

Piano roll

Andrew Clements

WITH THE ORIGINAL two LPs now combined on a single compact disc, Maurizio Pollini's recording of piano works by **Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Webern, Boulez** (Deutsche Grammophon, 419 202-2) not only constitutes a fascinating survey of styles, but also a brilliant introduction to the pianist's commanding technical abilities.

When Pollinj's versions of Stravinsky's Three Movements from *Petrushka* and Prokofiev's Seventh Sonata first appeared in 1973 it was a first chance for most listeners to sample his startling virtuosity and coloristic control. The two performances remain unsurpassed and his accounts of Webern's Op 28 Variations and Boulez's Second Sonata (from 1978) also have little competition. Pollini in the 19th-century

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repertory is sometimes a problematic interpreter, severe and unyielding, but he understands the aesthetics of modernism completely and has the keyboard resources to match their demands. The pity is that he has recorded no more contemporary works in recent years; Pollini in Stockhausen or Barraqué would be well worth having.

Of late, there's no doubt that he has mellowed significantly. Where once his approach was founded upon a stern objectivity, with rubato pared down to the minimum, his recent London recitals have seemed more overtly expressive, even if they are still a long way from wearing their hearts upon their sleeves. He is not by temperament a spontaneous player and in **Chopin Piano Sonatas 2 & 3** (Deutsche Grammophon 415 346-2), much more so than in the Preludes and Etudes he's recorded so successfully in the past, the element of improvisational fantasy eludes him. There is still a great deal to admire — the precise grading of dynamics in both sonatas, the remorseless momentum of the Funeral March and tightly contained finale of the Second, the fluent rhythmic life of the finale of the Third — but the music is always held at arm's length, admitting no more colour than absolutely necessary and opting for musical certainties when ambiguity might have been more seductive.

Emil Gilels died a year ago with his recorded cycle of the Beethoven piano sonatas half a dozen works short of completion. **Beethoven: Sonatas Opp 10/1, 14/2, 22, 49/1 & 2, 109, 110** (Deutsche Grammophon, 419 172-173) is the final batch of performances to be released — and underlines how important that project was and how, had it been finished, it would have become the reference set of recent years. The greatest loss is perhaps Gilels' account of the last sonata, Op 111, but we get an inkling of what his approach would have been from his versions of Opp 109 and 110. They are powerful, intensely serious accounts, strictly rationing their range of colour and intent on making the structural bones of each movement crystal clear. Such austerity can seem brusque at times: parts of the first movement of Op 110 seem hardly to receive the sensitive handling they merit and Gilels' *hauteur* then becomes intimidating.

Yet the searching intelligence behind the notes is so powerful that surface charm, or rather the lack of it, scarcely seems to matter. There is no lessening of concentration for the earlier sonatas, even where other artists find wit and good humour. The sheer precision and rhythmic detail give a physical lift to Op 10 no 1 and Op 14 no 2, while Op 22 proves perfectly amenable to Gilels' intimidating directness, lucidly controlling the first movement, sounding all the depths of the Adagio, laying bare the finale with unhurried assurance. The playing on all three compact discs is consistently magnificent; it's hard to believe there are no further revelations to come from one of the greatest interpreters of the last 30 years. □

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WORK IN PROGRESS

Ways of telling

Naseem Khan

IT WAS AN IRONY that, while the arid Booker fuss was being played out on the forestage, to the rear was an exceptionally well attended, energetic writers' conference: one that could, said the organisers (who professed themselves embarrassed by success), have sold its seats twice over.

No one should have been surprised by this, for the Commonwealth Institute had amassed a collection of Caribbean writers who, in some cases, are now almost legendary: denizens of the movement that raced splendidly through the post-Independence Caribbean: George Lamming, Eddie Brathwaite, Wilson Harris, Samuel Selvon. With them came a selection of younger writers (including particularly strong female representation) and local Black British ones. All in all, the event constituted a fine introduction to a diverse and vigorous school. 'You who may come a hundred years/After our troubled bones are dust,' said poet and critic John Figueroa in the words of fellow Caribbean poet, N. N. Vaughan. 'Above all else we send you this — The flaming faith of these first years.'

There was more than a touch of that flaming faith in the Commonwealth Institute, over the conference's five days, and a distinct sense of a family tree. In Kenneth Ramchand's talk, 'The West Indian Novel and its Background', credit was given to Tom Redcam's 1903 *Becka's Buckra Baby*, the first known work of West Indian fiction. With the region's developing sense of identity and nationhood, however, changes in sensibility have been rapid.

Take the issue of 'dialect' for instance — a relatively neutral subject for Professor Ramchand's 1970 study. By the time of this year's conference, however, when Ramchand provided the first keynote speech, it had become a central and loaded issue. Accepting the general progressive rejection of the word (it is held to denote a deviation from a Standard English norm), Ramchand had developed a theory of 'orality': the coming thing in Caribbean literature, he argued. 'We are now seeing the meeting of the mind-set of orality,' he claimed, 'with the literary mind-set.'

Orality, in Ramchand's book (and the book of like-minded critics), clearly means more than dialect. It stands for the vitality of a verbal culture and the devices — repetition, balance, rhythm and so on — developed through the spoken word. The new work, said Ramchand, is particularly well suited to performance, closing the gap between writer and audience.

As far as it goes, this seems reasonable. Where doubts creep in is when the attempt is made to elevate this strain to what he called 'The New Literacy'. 'I haven't met many people who've read a book, a whole book, last year,' he said, 'and I haven't met anyone who's read a poem five times.' But performance writing, he said, did mean something to them: 'We are right to be frightened of the elitism of writing.'

Most of the writers who responded did not, predictably, view such a future with enthusiasm. Earl Lovelace politely felt 'some mystification' was involved with the notion of orality. Selvon saw the two areas as separate. Several rejected the concept of a West Indian writer alienated from her or his peasant or working-class roots.

But it was veteran novelist Wilson Harris who, the next day, offered in his own keynote speech an antithesis to the orality view. Harris is a commanding figure, a tall, benign man in his 60s, author of 16 visionary novels that have the profound respect of initiates though confusing to the general reader. He began with statistics: figures that established that 95 per cent of Americans read at the level of an eight-year-old, 40 per cent had difficulties reading a map and only 35 per cent could order from a menu. In each category, black achievement was lower than white. Unlike Ramchand, he did not see this as proof of the irrelevance of literacy. 'This is the situation which affects our society. It seems to me,' he said gravely, 'bad news for democracy.' His is not an Eysenck-type argument about IQ; it is an argument about what Harris terms 'the illiteracy of the imagination'.

For examples, he went back to his early years as a forest surveyor in the Amazonian rain forests, to the team of bushmen, rivermen and chainmen with whom he travelled and with whom he had 'remarkable dialogues'. But each of them, he said, was locked into a passive acceptance of his role and function, disconnected from all the shadows of Columbian and pre-Columbian history and using only a narrow spectrum of his own potential. Illiteracy, in short, is an imaginative incapacity rather than a mechanical failure. To try and change this situation by 'a simple timetable' leads, he went on, inexorably to a fiction characterised by 'authoritarian realism', a formula of mind which offers the semi-literate only violence as the self-destructive means of change.

It is not an easy or a fashionable view. Nor is it easy — couched as it is in abstractions such as 'humanity', 'creativity', 'imaginative unconsciousness' — to relay. Harris approaches his subject like a water-diviner. He explores the surface of ideas waiting for the intuitive dive of his divining rod: an exciting approach to witness, as the massive applause that greeted his speech demonstrated. Where it leaves one concretely is another matter, but then Harris has never pretended to offer a detailed step-by-step blueprint. What he does offer is a salutary warning against expecting too little. Some wondered afterwards whether his view was elitist; it is possible he would accept the charge. But, if so, it is an elitism drawn from a profound humanism, one that sees people — black and white — as capable of the most daring leaps of the creative imagination. And why, he would doubtless say, settle for less? □

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Books

MURDER

Mechanical man

Brian Masters

The Streetcleaner: The Yorkshire Ripper Case on Trial
NICOLE WARD JOUVE *Marion Boyars* £13.95

Press Association

Peter Sutcliffe and the 'nice' bride who couldn't be pure enough

WITHOUT ANY DOUBT, this is the first serious book on the Yorkshire Ripper case. Of course, there have been other books, but they have been complacent and feeble, content to rehearse details of the murders and investigation with the added spice of some journalistic enquiries into the background of Peter Sutcliffe. As none of the journalists had the imagination to appreciate the significance of what they discovered, Sutcliffe remained a mysterious, featureless abomination, not a person at all.

Nicole Ward Jouve has brought to the case a fierce, unrelenting intelligence which rejoices in allusions and inferences and nags at every suggested nuance of interpretation until it is made to yield its worth. *The Streetcleaner* is a rich and absorbing book, gripping the reader in awed wonder as it skids from philosophy to linguistics to social history and literature, never losing sight of the power of the central story.

It is also infuriating, because the nature of intuition is to explore unsuspected avenues and sometimes reach appallingly silly conclusions. But this is a risk worth taking; the value lies in the journey. Nicole Ward Jouve is aware of the danger. The French tradition allows speculation in various disciplines, juggling with ideas for the beauty of them and trusting truth to emerge in a series of startling revelations made possible by the clash of unlikely parallels. The English tradition is more banal and solid, it likes its logic to be sequential rather than adventurous.

Nicole Ward Jouve has bags of intuition. The long second section of the book deals with the case mostly from a psychological point of view and her insights here are stimulatingly novel. She depicts Sutcliffe as the wretched product of working-class ideology which makes a model of aggressive maleness and demeans feminine qualities. She has no time for the evolutionary view, that aggression is a genetically inherited characteristic of the male which, when not corrupted, is beneficient.

Young Peter was not aggressive. He loved his mother, hated his brutal and stupid father, might really have been homosexual. Perhaps he was. He married a 'nice' girl, not the kind of 'slut' his father and brothers went for, as further proof of his identification with mother's ideals. Mother and wife then proved themselves wanting in their absolute purity. Sutcliffe's response was to turn his rage upon prostitutes, blaming them for the sordidness he had glimpsed. He 'felled' adversaries (prostitutes) out of love for the two women who mattered to him.

There were many signs of his failed attempt to manufacture maleness in himself. His obsession with machines led him to keep the engine of his favourite motorbike under his bed (typical necrophiliac behaviour, which the author for once misses); the hammers and screwdrivers which he drove into the flesh of his victims were likewise his instruments of manhood. There is even an interesting digression on the metaphors of eating and butchering which litter the vernacular of the northern working class and make Sutcliffe's methods of killing less loathsome to the self-regarding male stud (hence the nickname of 'Ripper' which the police half-admiringly bestowed upon the killer).

Sutcliffe's fetish with feet and boots is closely examined and found, astonishingly, to be shared by the detectives; hence their inability to spot the clues it left. Several times Nicole Ward Jouve comes close to suggesting that 'society' was in collusion with Sutcliffe, that a miscarriage of justice was necessary to protect the distorted values which the murderer and the prosecutors shared, but even she resists such blinding conclusions. I think she is occasionally caught by surprise when her eclectic, allusive methods bring her into a maze from which she cannot escape and she must quickly retrace her steps back to the light of sweet reason, leaving the delicious ideas to hover teasingly on the page.

This happens again when, after highly persuasive argument to show Sutcliffe the victim of environment, psychological crippling, semantic confusion and much else besides, she still holds him responsible for what he did, when the logical conclusion would be that he had been programmed to bash women's heads in. At the same time, she accepts his account of being possessed by a genuinely spiritual experience in Bingley cemetery, yet dodges the implications of insanity. The court disputed this and declared him sane. Nicole Ward Jouve does not dispute it, but still wants to chastise him for 'choosing' to kill. She cannot really have it both ways, except in the fun of philosophical debate.

When she gets carried away she can be outrageous. 'Being a woman meant you were murderable.' 'Waste ground was the place where dead women's bodies belonged.' So pervasive is the principle of male supremacy in the domestic scene that if the wife disturbs it she must carry the can for whatever happens. Admittedly, these gems are wrested from their context, but they do illustrate the traps set by a cavalier attitude towards logic. Never mind. The book is beautifully written and deeply thoughtful. And it was time someone applied his/her mind to this dreadful case. □

Brian Masters' study of mass-murderer Denis Nilsen, Killing for Company, *received the Gold Dagger Award for best non-fiction crime book of 1985. He is currently working on a new edition of his history* The Dukes *and on a biography of John Aspinall.*

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PAPERBACKS

Heaven and hell

Barry Unsworth

BELIEF IN the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth is not something you often hear expressed these days.

It can't have been much commoner in 1943, when the collection of essays by Joseph Needham, **Time the Refreshing River** (Spokesman, £6.95), was first published. Needham believed then and he believes still, unwavering through four decades of unremitting violence and strife. Professional biologist, convinced Christian and passionate socialist, he seeks in these essays to trace the ethical springs of human behaviour and argue to a future where truth and light will prevail. Such patient reasoning, applied on a basis of idealism, is luminous in effect and moving, though these are qualities that belong to doomed heroic enterprises as well as inspiring political messages and readers will find their scepticism tested.

Joseph Needham speaks somewhere, with due reluctance, of the need for a 'unified world view'. This is what the Nixon Administration presumably had in its dealings with Cambodia, related by William Shawcross in his ironically entitled **Sideshow** reissued now with additional material (Hogarth, £5.95). It is a story that casts further doubt on the imminence of the *Regnum Dei*.

It was early on a March morning in 1969 that the B-52s made the first of their repeated bombing strikes across the Cambodian border — raids that were kept secret from the American public until disclosure was unavoidable. Six years later the last of the Americans were fleeing in helicopters and the genocidal grip of the Khmer Rouge was closing in on the country. This was the time it took to reduce a peaceful, relatively prosperous, neutral state to ruins. With impressive scholarship and meticulous attention to detail, which never for a moment holds up the narrative, Shawcross gives us a riveting account of this appalling episode, which he calls the foreign-policy side of Watergate. It is difficult not to agree that Nixon and Kissinger were untrue to the values they were claiming to defend; impossible not to admire a democracy so vital that it can allow its wounds to be bared in this way.

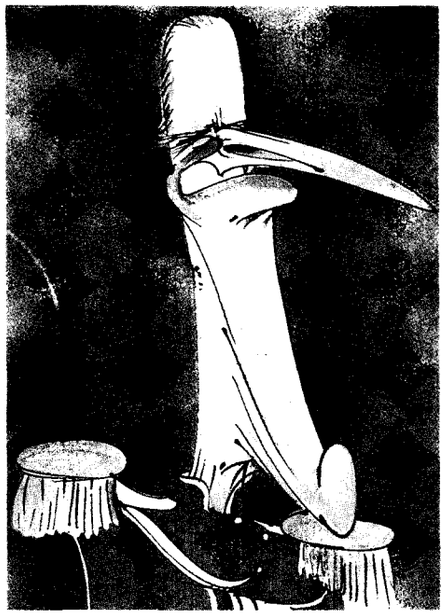
A relief to turn to the decencies of fiction. In **Full House** (Virago, £3.95), first published in 1935, Molly Keane is again concerned with those complacent, uneasy occupiers of a foreign land, the Anglo-Irish gentry. A large part of her success in depicting this society derives from her skill in describing the mansions they live in. This one is called Silverue and stands between the hills and the sea, symbol of occupation and of isolation equally. The novel lacks the sustained humorous detachment of her later work, and the uncertainty of focus makes at times — too often — for a sort of slack impressionism in the writing. However, in the beautiful, egocentric matriarch Lady Olivia Bird we have a genuine monster. And how refreshing, in these beleaguered days, to find that men are not being blamed for it.

Fighting with Shadows by Dermot Healy (Allison & Busby, £3.95) is also set in Ireland but this is the borderland between North and South, the characters are not settlers but people who belong — that they do so is their tragedy. The shadows of the title are sectarian division, sexual tension, the paradoxes of history. The prose is highly charged, often proceeding by way of association, like poetry. This makes demands on the reader, but the desperate realities of life in Ulster find appropriate expression in this dislocated style and in the bitter lyricism of the tone. It cannot be easy these days to find an adequate voice for matters such as these. Dermot Healy has done so and it is an impressive achievement.

A peculiarly American blend of perplexed humanity and high technology gives a marvellously comic cutting edge to Don Delillo's **White Noise** (Picador, £3.95). Jack Gladney is head of the department of Hitler studies at a small college in Middle America. His wife Babette teaches correct posture for the elderly. Their life together is disrupted when an industrial accident releases a cloud of lethal gas, 'an airborne toxic event', forcing the evacuation of the town. Delillo has succeeded triumphantly in the unlikely enterprise of turning this terrible event, and the fear of death which it gives rise to, into the stuff of comedy. The novel is terrifying as well as funny. It is also deeply humane. A disturbing and compelling book, which haunts the imagination long after the reading is finished.

To the would-be biographer Richard Burton must seem almost too rich a subject. A man so physically enterprising, so brilliantly gifted, so driven and complex, is not easy to catch in the net of a book.

Burton spoke 40 languages and dialects and published 43 volumes of travel and exploration. He was a notable explorer, a talented amateur botanist and zoologist, a keen reader and translater of erotica, one of the finest swordsmen of his day. In **The Devil Drives** (Eland, £6.95), Fawn M. Brodie has given us a first-class biography of this remarkable man, vividly written, beautifully constructed, radiating a warmth of understanding with no idolatrous elements whatsoever. She is generous in the space she gives to Isabel Burton, who is treated as a character in her own right — doubly generous this, when we remember the blow Lady Burton dealt future biographers in burning a 40-year accumulation of her husband's journals and



Cartoonists, however apparently slight, half-finished or scribbled their drawings, tend to be highly skilled draughtspeople. With composition, perspective, line, they can often do more in a half-dozen strokes than a 'serious' artist in a thousand. Yet far too many get trapped into using their skills to repetitive effect — playing with characters and situations but rarely with style or with form. In SCARFE (Hamish Hamilton, £14.95) we are shown a more restless career: thrusting onward from 'desert island' jokes in the *Evening Standard* in the 1950s to the angrier, more and more disturbing drawings for *Punch* and, notoriously, *Private Eye*, through war reportage for the *Daily Mail*, through three-dimensional caricature, to theatre design and to animation, most memorably for Pink Floyd's 1982 movie *The Wall*. The text of Gerald Scarfe's autobiography is quite outrageously arrogant (favourable reviews are quoted at length; his genius is taken for granted) but so unselfconscious and stylistically direct that it's hard not to sigh and forgive it. There are minor niggles, such as captions merging confusingly into the text and directions to 'see page so-and-so' when none of the pages is numbered, but the savage invention of the illustrations (hundreds of them, in black-and-white and colour) makes this a book to be opened and reopened, not left to grow mould on the coffee table. (Harriett Gilbert)

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diaries after his death, on the extraordinary grounds that they obscured 'the inner man'.

Against All Reason by Geoffrey Moorhouse (Sceptre, £4.95) is about the million or so people living as monks or nuns under the influence of Catholic and Protestant Christianity. It examines the nature of the religious vocation, the stresses within communities and related matters. The tone is cool but not unsympathetic, the method rationally investigative — perhaps this is why the book disturbs one so much: intellectual enquiry into an enclosed spiritual life begins quite soon to look like clinical analysis, or even laboratory observation. □

Barry Unsworth's latest novel, Stone Virgin, *is published by Hamish Hamilton and Penguin.*

SECOND NOVELS

In another country

Grace Ingoldby

The Dresden Gate
MICHAEL SCHMIDT *Hutchinson* £9.95
The Fires of Bride
ELLEN GALFORD *Women's Press* £8.95 & £4.95
Empire Born
STEPHEN COOK *Hodder* £9.95

SECOND NOVELS ARE a punishable offence. Publishers panic (they want the same again but more so), critics niggle (remorse follows lavish praise as surely as night follows day) and the hapless writer who pays attention to any of it falters and falls. In the world of lit-hype, first novels are exciting — 'astounding', 'outstanding', 'remarkable' — and second attempts which fail to contain exactly the same ingredients as the first often get the third degree. Promise, what Connolly called 'the capacity for letting people down', must be confirmed or else.

Eschewing all this nonsense, Michael Schmidt's 'second', **The Dresden Gate**, lets no one down. Set in Mexico at the beginning of the century, it homes in on La Encantanda, the crumbling estate of Don Raoul. Raoul has become engrossed in failure; the Dresden Gate, a magnificent structure beyond which lies the land that has him beat, has become a symbol of reproach. The bleached plain, the geography of hopelessness printed on the landscape: 'All they had brought, all they had been, the land had drunk.'

If the external view is demoralising the internal one is worse. Abandoned by his wife, pitied by his younger brother who tutors the son he cannot face, he watches life drip in the long house with its stale hallways and disused rooms; Schmidt writes so well that you can almost hear the 'stucco falling in slabs'. The wife's cousin keeps to her room, the son broods. 'He did not mention his mother, he could not put a face or voice to her, but he deduced her from the things she had left behind . . .' The 'family' has lost hold of the present and lives locked in a stifling Chekovian stasis: 'The whole house had acquired the atmosphere of a breath long held.' This stasis is only confirmed by the one attempt at entertainment, the party for the neighbours which involves a rapid re-upholstery job on house and inmates, the blossom in the buttonhole which fools no one. Schmidt's discreet, sure power over language gives his story a certainty and intensity which haunts, convinces and compels. Time may have stopped at Encantanda but the Mexican people are on the move. The *pueblo* — who will come to take what is theirs — are hammering on the Dresden Gate.

Ellen Galford sets her second on the Scottish island of Cailleach, 'a pretty bloody peripheral place' where nothing much happens, or does it? The reporters at Caledonian TV are not keen on featuring it at all — 'Who wants to interview a bunch of Hebridean Hags about their 18c knitting patterns . . . a slow pan along loch stereotype, then cut to the shores of loch cliché?' — but she who volunteers gets the scoop. Shes, in fact, win hands down in this novel, which pivots on the existence and rediscovery of the Book of Bride, an illuminated text establishing that Jesus had a twin sister, Bride, the mother goddess and patron saint of Cailleach.

Maria, a young painter, a 'blow-in', is the catalyst for this and other extraordinary events — not least the revamping of 'Granny's Hame Heilan' Industries'. Under Maria's aegis there is a break from Auld Lang Syne teatowels, the names of Nato bases appear on the shortbread tins, mugs that used to bear the slogan 'Just a wee doch an doris' now list the names of Highland women burnt as witches. The novel drifts a little and almost flounders in the swell of Maria's affairs — one with a 'Valkyrie in gumboots . . . throbbing with bottled-up lust' — but the writing is boisterous, sprung with joy as much as wit; **The Fires of Bride** is really a book of sweet revenge where, for once, the women have all the best lines.

When Michael is robbed and killed on holiday in Kenya it is 'a very special murder'. To the authorities, the death of a white tourist is a serious embarrassment but, like everything in **Empire Born**, it is more complicated, more ironic than that. Michael, like his author Stephen Cook, spent part of his childhood in East Africa and is haunted by the experience, the guilt. Obsessed by the idea that the Empire is 'his fault' Michael tries, naively, to make amends: 'He acted as if blacks could do no wrong, as if anything they might do wrong was really the fault of white people and what they'd done to blacks in the past. In a way, that meant he didn't treat them as people, as individuals. Maybe they picked up that feeling, that in the end all he noticed and cared about was their skin colour — just like the police . . . but from a different angle.' To the blacks in Brixton Michael is just another middle-class sucker, 'a liberal white prick', and even when his involvement lands him in jail he senses, dramatically, that 'his sacrifice has been rejected'. The area between black and white is grey and Cook gives himself plenty of room to manoeuvre, a large cast for a variety of convictions, a balancing act between the beasts and the bleeding hearts.

The novel is flawed by needless coincidences and the unlikely epiphany of a hack journalist, but succeeds, where many 'Empire' novels fail, in braving the myriad complications and subtleties of the legacy of colonialism and showing that there is no easy comfort available for Michael or anyone else. □

Social and economic effects of petroleum development in non-OPEC developing countries: Synthesis report
by Jon McLin

The outcome of a major research project, this book examines countries and issues that are neglected in most petroleum studies. The countries are the non-OPEC Third World producers, most of which have only modest resources, but whose growing collective output is having an increasing impact in oil markets. The issues concern the broad effects which oil and gas production can have on socio-economic development in these countries — not only in macro-economic terms but also in relation to manpower development, industrial spinoffs and local/regional effects.
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Edited by Harry Z. Evan

Coping with the environmental dimension of their task has become a major challenge to employers. Disasters such as those in Minimata (Japan), Love Canal (United States), Seveso (Italy), and Bhopal (India) have eroded the public image of employers and managers as the producers of wealth and the promoters of technological progress. This book deals with the new role of employers' organisations in protecting and improving the general and the working environment, as well as helping employers to make decisions on environmental policy. It highlights the importance of environmental management and its positive effect on the profits and survival of enterprises.
ISBN 92-2-105647-3 £6.35

Unemployment and labour market flexibility: The United Kingdom
by Guy Standing

Unemployment in the U.K. has risen dramatically since the 1970s. It has done so in the context of the 'British experiment' whereby macro-economic (monetary) policy has been designed to control inflation, while micro-economic policy has been directed towards employment. Although intended as a medium-term strategy, the short-term declines in output and employment have been greater than expected, while 'deindustrialisation' has accelerated. From the monetarist stance government policy has become more 'supply side', with deregulation and privatisation being key factors, coupled with concerted efforts to make the labour market more flexible. This book reviews the arguments and evidence on labour flexibility and examines the Special Measures adopted to check the growth of unemployment until supply-side measures could take effect. It concludes by considering alternative strategies designed to combine labour flexibility with income security, notably the merits of work reorganisation, profit-sharing and a social dividend approach to social security.
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Child labour: A briefing manual

The ILO receives numerous requests for information on problems on child labour — international standards, national laws, policies and programmes. This manual is a modest response to these questions and aims to create greater public awareness.
ISBN 92-2-105639-2 £5.45

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MYTHOLOGY

Original sin

Martin Thom

The Scapegoat
RENÉ GIRARD trans. YVONNE FRECCERO *Athlone* £29.95

THE PUBLISHERS of this sombre book declare on the dust jacket, which carries a woodcut by Dürer of a sorrowing Christ, that it 'is a major study in the anthropology of religion, mythology and the human psyche'. It would be more exact to say that it is a treatise on crowds and their victims and more revealing, perhaps, to add one of Goya's series, *The Horrors of War*, to the cover; for man, in René Girard's eyes, is ever a wolf to man.

The book opens with a commentary on a text by the 14th-century French poet, Guillaume de Machaut, in which a description is given of the massacre of the Jewish community, during a plague, in an unnamed city. This is a persecution text: that is, 'an account of real violence, often collective, told from the perspective of the persecutors'. It states that the Jews poisoned the rivers and fountains so that hundreds of thousands died and, in revenge, a massacre took place. A reader nowadays will separate what is true in such texts (a massacre *did* occur) from what is false (Jews did *not* poison the water supply). So, where Guillaume de Machaut saw a justified act of revenge, we see nothing but the murder of innocent victims, scapegoats of a panic-stricken community.

When faced with historical texts of this kind, Girard observes, we show scant respect for the author's own interpretation but correct the distortions so as to reveal what really happened. Yet we avert our eyes from the original act of violence which myths half display and half conceal, as if a fear of being considered ethnocentric prevented us from judging a barbarism in other cultures that stands condemned in our own. Put very simply, it is argued here that myths record, in distorted form, an act of collective murder, in which a 'crowd' or 'mob' falls upon a victim, recognised as such by a number of stereotyped signs. This account of the origin of myth, ritual and religion in an act of violence rests upon a theory of desire as mimetic frenzy. Ways of life are thus derived from an effective origin which allows of no differentiation, so that categories are never a check to the murderous impulse of a turbulent all against a one.

Responses to calamity recorded in the ethnographic literature may well involve a reordering of social relations, since the cause of harm is seen as human rather than natural, but this does not therefore mean that all culture should be traced back, as in a dark and murderous dream, to the image of a howling mob engaged in bloody sacrifice.

The Scapegoat is thus, in essence, an anti-Enlightenment and anti-Jacobin text. A conviction that the sacred is still, obscurely, a force in the political domain requires that authors of this persuasion place the human city under a lowering sky. If Stalinism has occurred, the argument goes, then all conceptions of socialism are fatally flawed. The way is then clear for the return to religion which has been so marked a feature of Paris intellectual life in the years following the discovery, belated though it was, of the Gulag.

To see human collectivities as driven, first and last, by brutish rivalries is clearly to opt for natural sin as against the Enlightenment, but Girard, through a curious inflection of the argument, has aligned his theology with the triumph of Reason; it is thanks to Christ's message, he argues, that we can recognise persecution for what it is and condemn the massacres and witch-hunts of the mediaeval and early modern period.

There is a problem in ethics which cultural relativism cannot solve, yet who is so placed that they may judge a myth-confined people guilty of the same order of cruelty as texts record in European history? The last seven chapters of *The Scapegoat*, devoted to a close and often fascinating analysis of passages in the Gospels, will leave readers in no doubt as to Girard's answer to this question.

Those who do not share the belief that the heavenly city overshadows the earthly one will, however, be gravely disappointed by a study which addresses so important a topic as persecution but which, from the point of view of anthropologist and historian alike, never delivers the strictly ethical account of the nature of oppression which it promises. □

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DIARIES

All the rage

Jon Savage

The Orton Diaries
ed. JOHN LAHR *Methuen* £12.50

IN DECEMBER 1966, the month he picked up an *Evening Standard* award for Best Play of the Year, Joe Orton resumed a diary he had given up in 1951. This fresh diary was to reflect his new found fame and confidence: titled 'Diary Of A Somebody', it was written for publication in as brutally frank a style as was possible.

But every diary writer, particularly so mannered a stylist as Orton, can't help but edit their experience and the hole at the centre of these diaries is Orton's lover and collaborator, Kenneth Halliwell, who appears as a brooding and developing absence. In this case, the editing proved fatal: after he had splattered Orton's brains all over the collaged walls of their bedsit, Halliwell wrote a suicide note: 'If you read his diary all will be explained.'

This Grand Guignol finale gives a terrific narrative kick to what is already a superb, sustained piece of writing. The teasing, rather camp student of the 1951 diaries is replaced by a writer at the peak of his powers: by 1966 Orton had both the discipline and the confidence to 'rage correctly', to turn his multiple social and sexual resentments into a style — and a vision — that is 'quite natural whilst in actual fact being incredibly artificial'. It's the same 'combination of elegance and crudity' that he ascribes to Genet.

Thus, after describing a busy afternoon's sex with two other men, Orton ends: 'I thought they were both very nice fellows.' The conjunction of explicitness and archaic, almost stilted language is irresistible. Orton brings out the humour and the politics of the sex that, whether in an abandoned Leicester building site, a luxury Moroccan apartment or a public toilet in the Holloway Road, permeates these diaries. Sex to Orton wasn't mere sensation but a deadly weapon, the focus of his scalding rage. 'Sex is the only way to infuriate them,' he writes at one point. 'Much more fucking and they'll be screaming hysterics in no time.'

Much of this diary is concerned with theatrical matters: the success of *Loot*, running in the West End throughout the period, or the revisions of his final play, *What The Butler Saw*. After years of rejection, Orton finds himself a celebrity in the mainstream of Swingeing London, 1967; he notes its details and absurdities with the same eye and ear that he has for overheard dialogue. Descriptions of the irreality of everyday life — 'A very fat, pompous looking woman reeled out of a pub shouting, "Melancholia? Ad nauseam"' — are interspersed with descriptions of buying Donovan's *Sunshine Superman* or meeting Brian Epstein about the *Up Against It* Beatles' film script. So is a period captured.

The diaries' centre piece is a prolonged account of Orton and Halliwell's trips to Morocco in the summer of 1967. Orton turns his caustic attention to the swish homosexual milieu that is attempting, vainly, to coopt him. One of the few sympathetic

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portraits is of a gentleman called George Greeves who is, if anything, more scabrous than Orton himself: 'His stories are endless. He keeps up a constant stream of foul-mouthed commentary — life and death, nobody is saved. His chief target is the rich and pompous.'

Here is life flayed to the bone, in an equation of which Dionysiac delirium provides the other half. In Tangier, Orton sent himself ecstatic with hash cakes and a sexual timetable of formidable complexity: there he could find the distance and the release from the 'tight-arsed civilisation' of England that he hated. This is the only thing that dates Orton's vision.

Orton wasn't interested in conventional politics. The legalisation of homosexuality rates a terse, passing mention. His diaries — framed on publication by an excellent John Lahr introduction — contain enough wit, observation and social history to put many writers to shame. But their concentration on sex pinpoints an area of activity that our society finds fundamentally troubling: this ability to disturb gives his critique of English society a power that has reverberated, not only through the theatre, but through the activities of any cultural provocateur who, like the Sex Pistols, wants to see 'the old whore society really lift up her skirts'. □

FEMINISM

Without a map

Jane Miller

Changes of Heart: Reflections on Women's Independence
LIZ HERON *Pandora* £4.95

IT IS ALMOST mandatory these days for feminists to write, as Liz Heron does in *Changes of Heart*, of 'the fragmentation of feminism into different feminisms', and to do so regretfully. The trouble is that nostalgia for the old unities and singleness encourages the kind of unguardedness which lets through, unmolested as it were, statements like 'the women's movement articulated collectively what women knew individually'.

It is surely not a bad thing that feminists have become warier of claiming to speak for all women in that way and that feminist politics have been unsettled by the challenges of class and race, generation and sexuality. In *Truth, Dare or Promise*, her last book, Liz Heron successfully skirted the dangers and the sentimentality of assuming that there is ever something straightforwardly recognisable as 'women's experience'. In that book she collected together a number of autobiographical essays by her contemporaries and, though all of them addressed some common themes, they started from childhoods and perceptions of the world so different that the anthology's account of a particular historical moment was produced by the very diversity of the authors' experience of it.

This book, which is sub-titled *Reflections on Women's Independence*, starts on a cautionary note, though its organisation and its effects belie that caution. Independence will be discussed in terms of personal experiences of it, the author's and her friends'. Beneath headings like 'A room of one's own', 'The princess and the showgirl: femininity at stake?' and 'Motherhood . . . to have or have not' Liz Heron weaves her own thoughts about her life and about some recent films and novels through the oral testimony of nine women. The uncertain status of the data is acknowledged, yet the material and the examples appear to have been casually assembled and used to exemplify rather than explore the issues.

The result is a series of overlapping reflections (in both senses of the word) on her theme: and this is that women for whom feminism has been liberating in terms of life styles and choices, relations with men and children and work, continue to feel ambivalent and full of doubt about such matters. The achievement of quite limited forms of independence is likely to be accompanied by guilt and by internal as well as external pressures.

Many of the women are surprised and even shocked by this, and by the parabolas through which their lives have travelled since the beginnings of liberation. This may have started with the loss of virginity or living with a boyfriend; moved through discoveries of feminism, of solitude or promiscuous relationships, of financial, emotional and professional independence; and then back, perhaps, to coupledom and even, belatedly, motherhood. There are differences, of course. Lesbian possibilities are not considered as they were in *Truth, Dare or Promise*. Liz Heron herself has chosen to have no children and this is a version of independence she offers as a new choice for women. Joan Rodney, on the other hand, whose story is both the most interesting and the most bravely and vigorously told, decided to have a baby on her own at 42 after a lifetime as a shop steward looking after her elderly parents. She has now become a student as well.

Many women will recognise the dilemmas and paradoxes the book parades. There is the shame and resentment at accepting the 'help' men may offer, the frustrated inability to make use of hard-won freedoms and time and the persistence of dependent habits long after the time when they should have withered from disuse. It is not clear, however, that women will be helped by this very random way of handling the problem, which seems to leave the onus on women just to try harder. It is possible, after all, to see as shared with men the anomalies of wanting independence, privacy, even irresponsibility within a life which is significantly connected to other people. The inequalities are crucial and multi-dimensional, however: between men and women always, but also between communities, groups, classes, whole societies. They are inequalities rooted in history and inextricably determined by material existence and the social and economic specificities of family organisation. It is not suprising that women's achievements in changing family life and their own attitudes to it sometimes appear meagre, uncertain, slow. It is dangerous to expect that women should transform themselves and men, and relations between the two, single-handed. □

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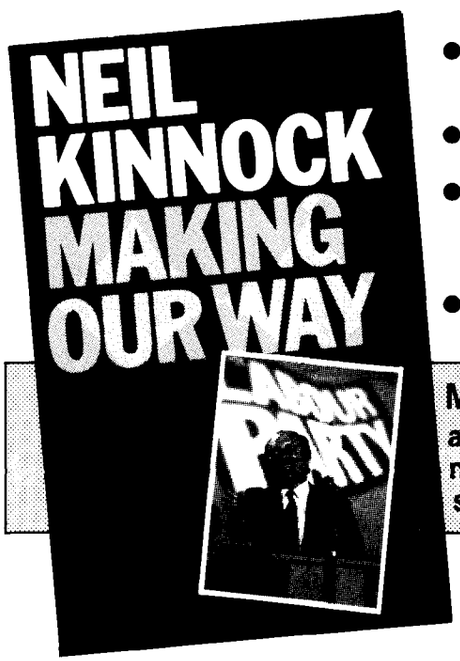

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Defence to the fore

Sir Tom McCaffrey, Gt Bookham, Surrey
May I add my support to Peter Kellner's contention (*NS* 17 & 24 Oct.) that the Labour Party must start now to explain and campaign for its defence policy if it is to win the next election.

In the run up to the 1983 general election there was a tacit understanding between the unilateralists and the multilateralists in the Shadow Cabinet that in the interests of unity the question of defence and nuclear disarmament would not be raised in public. Although Michael Foot highlighted the issue in every speech from the moment he was elected leader, there was a distinct lack of enthusiasm for the subject among other members of the Shadow Cabinet and the NEC. Consequently, all the complexities of Labour's non-nuclear defence policy had to be explained in the three weeks of the election campaign, a task beyond the capability of any party.

This time there is an agreed policy and time to explain it. But this can be done only if all the members of the Shadow Cabinet are united and willing to promote the policy at every opportunity. Roy Hattersley, Michael Meacher, John Smith and all the shadow departmental ministers as well as Neil Kinnock, Denzil Davies, and Denis Healey must speak with one voice and actively promote the policy from every platform every week. Anything less than a full-blooded campaign, supported by all sections of the Party, will be swamped by the jingoistic arguments of those who have a vested interest in maintaining the public's present confusion about Labour Party attitudes.

Martin Shaw, University of Hull
Peter Kellner argues that 'Labour's spending on conventional weapons must be sufficient to make a conventional strategy work — and, more immediately, to persuade British voters that the strategy will work.' These twin aims, admirable in themselves, are, however, highly problematic and possibly incompatible. Neither need lead us to Kellner's (unargued) conclusion that 'More money for conventional defence is a sensible policy and may become an inevitable one'.

Advocates of a 'non-provocative' conventional defence (e.g. Dan Smith in a Bradford Peace Studies paper) have argued that this could involve major reductions in spending. Defence *spending* has not been a major political issue, so public opinion is difficult to gauge, although interestingly the *British Social Attitudes* surveys have found figures as low as 2 per cent of the population (1985) volunteering defence as a priority for public spending.

It is certainly arguable that the electorate would buy a 'cheap' defence policy, provided that they could be persuaded of its coherence and effectiveness. The problem is that the minority for whom defence spending certainly would be a priority is politically significant and would try to persuade us of the impracticability of such a policy. Weapons systems mean power for the military and jobs (albeit in diminishing numbers) for arms workers, even when their strategic value is doubtful.

'More money for conventional defence' is sensible — and inevitable — only if Labour is unwilling to take on the vested interests in high military spending. At a time when the Tory government, as Kellner points out, is cutting real defence expenditure, it would be ironic if Labour became the party of military spending in order to soften the impact of nuclear disarmament on the armed forces. We certainly need to ask if this stance is compatible with the plans for jobs and social expenditure which are central to Labour's appeal.

Batwoman's victims

Kate Godwin, London, N5
Haydn Shaughnessy's 'investigation' of Edwina Currie's exhortation to the nation to eat fewer potato crisps on the road to good health (*NS* 24 Oct.) merely continues to blame the victim.

Shaughnessy says 'health is much more a matter of personal volition' but this notion of free choice makes various assumptions: that what we want is easily available; that it is within easy shopping distance so time and effort are no problem; that it is not expensive so we can afford it; that the quantity is appropriate and the quality acceptable; that our choice is based on adequate information; that we have the time to prepare it; that we have the equipment and facilities; that we can eat out or buy nutritious take-away food if we wish.

The Ruskin debate

John G. Eames, Chalgrove, Oxford
Professor Hirst's article (*NS* 24 Oct.) is tendentious. Unless members of the tutorial staff at Ruskin College have been misinformed, David Selbourne has not been dismissed. At the time when he decided to withdraw from College I and other tutorial colleagues were engaged in collating the names of students who had expressed a wish to work with him.

Ruskin College has been placed in an invidious position. With a pending legal case the College officers are unable to respond at all to press comment. College staff have to respond in a very constrained way.

It is a pity that the *New Statesman*, at least one of whose contributors has commented objectively in the national press, should have lent itself to the campaign against Ruskin College being orchestrated by the *Guardian* on behalf of the Social Democratic and Liberal Party Alliance.

Alan Stanton, London N17
I am an unemployed nobody, not a professor of politics like Paul Hirst. So I read his plea for good old-fashioned 'higher academic' freedom in the Selbourne affair with much scepticism. Aside from colleges like Ruskin, what does he actually see when he looks round at his colleagues across the country? Communities of scholars teaching, researching and writing in a spirit of 'free enquiry and free expression'? Or would a more accurate description perhaps be *freebooting and freeloading*? My impression is that whether academics are nominally socialists or not often makes little difference. Overwhelmingly the culture seems one of diseased enterpreneurialism; selfish, individualistic and Thatcherite without needing Thatcher.

To object that there are shining exceptions only points up the dismal reality of the general rule. Can Paul Hirst really argue that ordinary men and women are properly served, especially by the 'highest' and most lavish institutions — paid for by their taxes? Even leaving aside the military-funded science, and the management-funded humanities, can he honestly claim that their 'freedom' is currently producing much that's worth defending? By which I mean work that enables ordinary people to build their own meanings and control their own lives.

One remark in Hirst's article is a giveaway. Rights to critical inquiry, he says, belong to 'higher' education, teaching 'advanced knowledge'. Such rights, he goes on to say, cannot 'sensibly be extended' to others such as librarians and administrators. Apparently Hirst cannot see how far he and his kind are part of the problem, colluding with a system which limits such freedoms of inquiry and rights to speak out for the rest of us. But no, that can't 'sensibly be extended' because it would rock the boat, wouldn't it? It would threaten a cosy little system where comfortably off leftish academics are allowed freedom to praise each other's books and sit on committees to make them part of the 'received wisdom'; attend conferences to pursue jobs and research grants; and now and again earn a bit extra by appearing on TV, or writing for the papers.

Hirst's disingenuous argument can't obscure the fact that the 'right' they want most of all is freedom from public accountability. What has made so many of them buzz angrily round to defend Selbourne is their fear of stones being lifted and people who are neither 'high' nor 'advanced' getting a peek at what's underneath.

Anglo-Irish agreements

N. Robinson, London N5
Can Stuart Bell be serious when he complains (*NS* 24 Oct.) of the 'latter-day Luddites who . . . have never had any interest in extending the democratic franchise of participation to the Nationalist community' (in Northern Ireland) — the same Stuart Bell who publicly declared on 30 September at the Blackpool Conference fringe meeting of the Campagn for Labour Representation in Northern Ireland his total opposition to members of that community being allowed to join the Labour Party?

Alas, he can and is. His constituents are not being murdered or fire-bombed out of their homes and jobs; and he does not mention — even to dismiss — such occurrences in Northern Ireland, on which he purports to speak for Labour. Compared with his chance of cutting a dash on the Front Bench, the right of the people of Northern Ireland to have an effective say in their own affairs based on the ballot box is as nothing to Mr Bell. He even dismisses with cheap debating points the very real window of opportunity created by the disarray in Protestant politics — a window of opportunity the NEC must be pressed to use, to fulfil its 1983 Conference remit to enfranchise the people of the province, and to take the vital first step towards communal harmony and away from sectarian civil war.

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FRIENDLY, Semi-Continental woman seeks genuinely unattached man (over 55), for occasional weekend companionship at concerts, Covent Garden, theatre. Intelligence, kindness, humour essential; cosmopolitan outlook, relaxed friendship a bonus. London. Box (44)4012. N44.12

GENTLEMAN, 44, no children, wishes to meet lady, 30-45, with view to marriage. Write: Dhomun Duth, S. Chez Soupama, 4 Rue de la Rochelle, 68200 Mulhouse. France. N45.18

GRADUATE 51, interested in music and art, would like to meet intelligent lady in Liverpool. Accommodation also sought. Box (45)4053. N45.19

HAPPILY-MARRIED man, 40, successful graduate, considerate, good-looking, non-smoker, seeks similar lady for friendship, walks and dining. Berks, London. Box (45)4033. N45.20

HEARTSEARCHERS PLEASE NOTE that telephone bookings can only be accepted if accompanied by a Credit Card Number (Access, American Express, Barclaycard, Diners' Club, Visa). N27.18

IF YOU are an unattached, tallish, mature man, an attractive, self-employed lady, late 50s, 5′ 5½″, likes cooking, entertaining, listening, would like to meet you. Box (45)4022. N45.21

IS THERE ANYONE THERE? Once bitten, twice shy, *divorced woman, graduate, 44, seeks warm, honest,* unattached man, interested in the peace movement. Left of centre. Box (45)4030. N45.22

INTELLIGENT, HUMOROUS, perceptive male, 50, seeks warm, bright, amiable woman, 35-50, for caring relationship & to share wide interests. Box (45)4055. N45.23

MALE, 36, intelligent, caring, reliable, humorous, non-smoker, unemployed, seeks female for sincere relationship. Likes: music, films, pubs, some sports. London area. Box (44)3985. N44.21

MARRIED MAN SEEKS MARRIED WOMAN for happy interludes in a stressful life. Successful professional, 39, I like theatre, dining out, and conversation. London/South East. Box (42)3904. N42.12

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London N5 2DB. 01-226 5432. N15.31

PROFESSIONAL INDIAN guy, 36, resident in Brighton, enjoys theatre, dining out, travelling, seeks lady similar age or under, for friendship with view to marriage. Box (45)4027. N45.24

PROFESSIONAL MALE graduate. author and lecturer, North London, in demanding community work, seeks woman, 40-55, willing and able to give unstinting understanding and help within a mutually supportive relationship. Box (45)4020. N45.25

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ROMANTIC, MAD but responsible male, 50+, graduate, untied, slim, sexually active and intellectual, needs honest, libidinous woman to share love, laughter and countryside. Rural Wiltshire. Box (45)4036. N45.28

SENSITIVE BUT assertive male doctor, based East of Scotland, seeks attractive, sensuous female friend (20-40), for mutual advancement. Box (45)4028. N45.29

SHY, AFFECTIONATE male, 31, seeks caring female, to bring him out of his shell. Interests: music, walking, Amnesty, books, home life. Please write. A.L.A. Box (45)4026. N45.30

SLIM, UNATTACHED lady academic (40), interested arts, dancing, countryside, travel, seeks sensitive, relaxed, intelligent man. N. West/anywhere! Box (44)4008. N44.31

SINGLE WOMAN facing winter of discontent? York based single man, sixties graduate, arts/politics interests, seeks fireside companion. Must be health and fashion conscious. Box (44)4009. N44.30

TALL, ATTRACTIVE woman, vital, open, socialist sensibilities, bourgeois lifestyle, professional, fledgling forty, Jewish origin, seeks relationship with compatible, consequential man of wit, warmth and sensitivity. Box (45)4052. N45.31

TALL (5′ 8″), attractive, 46-yr-old socialist woman, seeks caring, professional man, to share interests in cinema, theatre, wining, dining, friendship and laughter. London/South East. Box (45)4024. N45.32

TALL, SENSITIVE graduate, 39, seeks woman companion, possibly wife. Interests: classical/Oriental music, art, writing poetry, cinema, languages, history, human rights, countryside. Feminist sympathies. Based Central London. Box (45)4047. N45.33

TWO ARMENIAN Sunnie Muslim sisters aged 21 & 43, both University educated language tutors, seek two Middle Eastern Muslim brothers, with view to marriage. Box (45)4057. N45.34

WEST OF SCOTLAND. Attractive, lively woman, seeks culture-loving male, over 30. Humour essential. Box (45)4029. N45.35

WANTED (quite badly), caring, intelligent woman for firm but unpossessive friendship with professional man, late 40s, platonic (incapacitated) partner, numerous interests, active, no weirdnesses, sense of humour intact. Midlands. Box (45)4035. N45.36

WOULD ANY cultivated, professional gentleman, care to meet sexy lady, 60+, for occasional companionship, London/Wiltshire. Interests: the arts, travel, theatre, sex. Box (45)4054. N45.37

YOUNG MAN, 21, 5′ 10″, single, considered attractive. Interests: music, motoring, travelling, reading, occasional drink. Living in Shrewsbury, seeks attractive, intelligent young lady, anywhere. Photo appreciated. Box (45)4051. N45.38

PURSUITS

CHRISTMAS ALONE? Xmas houseparty offers 3 days seasonal cheer, good food & country life in Derbyshire. Details: (04574) 62705, 83 Charlestown Road, Glossop SK13 8LB. N45.3

COLIN: HOUSEBOUND ex-actor, 62, seeks compulsive letter writer, widest interests: all arts, science and humour. Age, sex, background immaterial. Box (45)4025. N45.4

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MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlet, book list, programme. Free talks or discussions, Sundays 8-9pm ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL. N40.6

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. The 1986 Stamp Memorial Lecture entitled: 'Market Forces' will be given by Sir Kit. McMahon (Deputy Chairman and Group Chief Executive, Midland Bank Group) at 6 p.m. on Thursday, 20 November 1986 in the Beveridge Hall at the University of London, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HU. Admission free, without ticket. N45.2

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ACC. WANTED

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN seeks large, s/c. bed-sit/flat, in *extremely quiet* building, near tube. £30-£50 p.w. max. Tel. Sue 01-734 6710 ext. 2513. N45.6

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Speaker: Frank Dobson MP.

Thursday 13th November 12-2

Alliance House,
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Telephone Bookings
01-222 4001

The Institute of Alcohol Studies

MON 10 NOV

SCIENCE FOR HUMANKIND. Muswell Hill Library, London N10. 8.15 p.m. Questions & discussion. Admission free. The Socialist Party of GB (Enfield & Haringey).

BENEATH THE WHITE COAT. A seminar series on Science & Politics in the 1980s organised by the British Society for Social Responsibility in Science. The Marquis of Granby, Chandos Place, WC2. This week: Piers Corbyn The Labour Party — the Need for a Socialist Science Policy.

FRI 14 NOV

5-7 p.m. END Protest opposite Czech Consulate, Bayswater Road/Notting Hill Gate, to support arrested Czechoslovak Jazz Section members. Musical instruments welcome. Tel. 01-272 9092.

THURS 27 NOV

PTRC's NEW COURSE: Designing the Urban Environment for Greater Public Security and Crime Prevention. Imperial College, SW7. For further details please contact: Damien Bilton 01-836 2208.

TWELVE BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

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Douglas Adams
Fontana. *£3.95 pbk (+45p p&p)*

☐ **Big Red Diary 1987 Southern Africa**
Pluto Press. *£3.95 pbk (+45p p&p)*

☐ **All That... The Other Half of History**
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☐ **Labour's Future: Socialist or SDP Mark 2** **Eric Heffer**
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Blackwell. *£3.95 pbk (+45p p&p)*

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BACKCHAT

FIRST PERSON

Mean streets

Carl Gardner

A COUPLE OF WEEKS ago Posy Simmonds — that gently acidic litmus paper for yuppie neuroses — featured a cartoon in the *Guardian* entitled 'Fortress Britons'. Wittingly adapting the 'This England' speech from *Richard II* she lampooned the middle-class householder's excessive fear of urban crime. *Guardian* readers probably smiled in a superior fashion at the characters' obsessive collection of security devices and read on.

Yet the underlying issues are serious. The decline in the quality of urban life and the decay of the social fabric, particularly in public spaces, aren't just liberal clichés. As proof I would pose the following question: how many readers living in London, for example, would choose to live within ten, or even 30 miles of Oxford Circus these days, if it weren't for their jobs?

Item: millions of people do live in fear of what they see as the increased risk of theft, harassment or physical assault inside and outside the home. According to recent surveys conducted by Jock Young from Middlesex Polytechnic, the social life of a majority of women after dark is severely restricted or curtailed altogether by these very real fears.

But we're not just talking here about explicit crime. Item: queues for buses in London during the evening rush hour now resemble nothing so much as a free-for-all fight, with many conductors unable or unwilling to control the flow of passengers on and off. Reasons: cut-backs in bus services are certainly the starting-point, but, for conductors, there's also the real fear of violence, particularly from young male passengers in the 15-25 age group.

Item: a group of young men push their way into a local post office queue without any resistance or direct remonstration. Reasons: a combination of under-staffing and a massive growth in claimants have certainly lead to unbearable delays. But add to that other customers' fears of possible physical harassment.

Item: children litter the street with the insides of an old sofa, completely unchecked. Reasons: the shortage of urban play-space is important, but nobody dares complain at their home because of fear of abuse or physical violence from their father or elder brothers. All of these incidents, minor in themselves, contribute to a further deterioration in the environment. And in most cases the people worst affected are women and the elderly.

Despite these commonly shared experiences, in a curious way it has become almost impossible for people on the left to discuss their personal fears and dissatisfactions with these negative features of urban life without being seen as anti-proletarian — or sounding like a *Daily Mail* editorial. Some would even say that such paranoia is the price the relatively affluent pay in a society with four million on the dole. Which may be true, but why then are the poor and the elderly also paying?

In the last few years the Thatcherite right, with its personalised explanations and punitive solutions, has completely hegemonised the debate about crime. Socialists (and I'm not talking about Kinnock and the Labour Party centre-right, who follow meekly in Thatcher's ideological footsteps), when they face the issue at all*, fall back on three abstract arguments to spirit away the problem: a) it's an artificial panic created by the media to help the Tories' 'law and order' campaign; crime and personal violence aren't really on the increase; b) social conditions, unemployment and the cut-backs in social services in particular, are responsible; c) the whole process is fanned by the media's portrayal of the 'consumer society' which creates justified 'social (and sexual) envy' in the dispossessed.

The problem with these explanations, pinning the blame exclusively on the impersonal institutions of capitalism, is that they are always after the event. Does the possession of a perfect social and political explanation really make being burgled, or bottled by some drunken teenager in a pub, any more bearable? Unfortunately the classic left-wing position discourages people from even expressing their current anxieties; it offers no solutions in the short and medium-term (in fact it regards them as undesirable) and it completely nullifies any notion of individual 'responsibility'.

The problem of social causation v. personal responsibility is a hazy area in socialist philosophy, but it seems clear that we have to develop a new language, a new set of approaches to crime, urban breakdown and the decline in the quality of life which doesn't just consist in a paternalistic, centralised state chucking money at the problem in some future socialist nirvana. Central to any such approach must be the question of masculinity itself. In all the cases mentioned earlier a powerful determining factor was the implict threat of aggression from young males, either singly or in groups. We have to see that the construction of young males in our society and their increasingly aggressive, macho behaviour is not just a *response* to deteriorating social conditions. It is also heavily implicated in social breakdown and personal insecurity. Men and the way they are brought up is *a* major problem today. And the very values that Tories would espouse (some of them shared by traditional labourism) — individual competitiveness, gung-ho nationalism (*à la* the Falklands), a rejection of co-operative forms of behaviour, contempt for weakness and the strict maintenance of the sexual division of labour — is an important part of that upbringing that must be explicitly challenged. In the meantime, as with Posy Simmonds' characters, it's the hasty phone-call to the crime prevention officer. □

**The issue of crime will be faced by this magazine in an extensive article, by Sarah Benton, to be published very shortly.*

'Just put it to the side of your plate, Alistair, and don't fuss.'

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WINE

Scanty Chianti

Stephen Brook

IN THE DAYS before wine scandals became an annual event, I dimly recall an Italian fracas after it became known that certain well known producers of Chianti had been cheerfully adding ox blood and other reddish juices to their casks and tanks. Some wines, indeed, could trace hardly any of their heritage back to the grape. With such childhood memories locked in my mind, I steered clear of Chianti until I visited the region some years ago and worked my way joyfully through a number of delicious and inexpensive older wines, which caused me to revise my opinion.

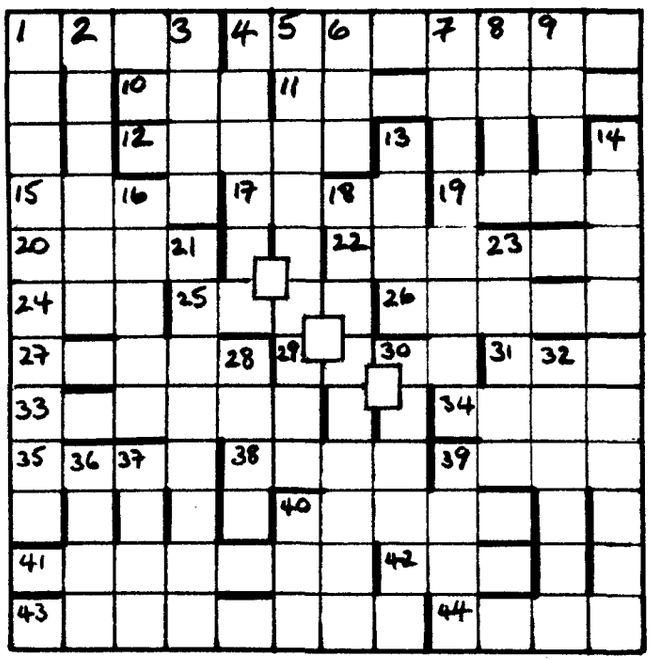
Chianti is an immense zone, covering many of the hillsides between Siena and Florence. The heart of the region is called Chianti Classico, but good wines also come from Rufina and some of the other sub-zones. Wines not entitled to a regional classification are sold simply as Chianti, while wines from exceptional years that have been aged for at least three years before release are labelled Riserva. Sangiovese is the preponderant grape variety, giving the wine its characteristic fragrance and lean elegance, though it is permitted to blend in other grapes — including two white varieties and even the interloping Cabernet Sauvignon — in small quantities. Most producers age the wine in large casks, though some use no casks at all. Techniques of vinification also vary — such traditions as may exist are sensibly flouted as much as observed — and it's hardly surprising that, with so many variables, bottled Chiantis vary not only in quality but in style.

What I look for in Chianti is fragrance (of violets and oak), fruit, and elegance rather than richness and power. Poor Chiantis are acidic rather than fruity and concentrated; astringency is undesirable, though assertiveness is not. Traditionally made examples are not necessarily superior, since modern winemaking techniques and an avoidance of long wood-ageing are often the best way to preserve a wine's fruitiness. Prolonged ageing, and some Riservas stay in wood for five years or more, will only improve a wine that is first-rate in structure before it is even put

Salamanca 113

'If music be a fist, are these the fingers?'

PRIZE: £35 cheque for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Salamanca 113, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 2 December.



Half the clued answers are proper words (including some proper names and abbreviations) and half to words which have been treated in the manner of a particular 20 of 21. Five answers (one in two parts) are unclued and belong to the two-word diagonal at 1 whose extra squares together with unchecked letters of unclued answers order HYRKKEN RUSSKY.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

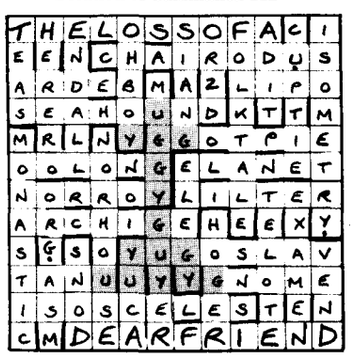
ACROSS

1 Hosts seated round piano: they don't respect the ladies (4)
4 Horn (new) and violin second in Jock's silo? (8)
10 Single piece played got praise in return (3)
12 What gives back pain? Playing pianola might, if a hatpin's stuck in, say? (5)
15 Plant used in composing (4)
17 This instrument's been repaired (4)
19 A mixture of various pieces by Chilean composer mostly (4)
22 To the stars, improvised trad gets one that's square in the heart (2 words, 6)
24 US cellist (not square) troubled over what's in 'The Trout'? (3)
25 This romany fellow has heart of gold when sung by many voices (4)
26 One individual and *very* short piece of music here (in Israel) (5)
27 Germans, old, tho' new in light opera? (5)
29 Burgundy for half composer of 'And Death Shall Have No Dominion' (4)
31 She's married one from one of Holst's heavenly pieces (3)
33 What one in audience may find aching after long time one opus is being rehearsed (6)
34 On the left-hand page I see pieces put together for member of choir (4)
35 One of the organ parts, a _____ etc., giving back note perhaps? (4)
38 Spiritless song in which one is dead (4)
39 What's issued about this composer (4)
40 This instrument you see in material is first rate Welsh (5)
41 One's arranged two pieces only on the violin, it won't be denied (7)
42 Two notes played back continually (3)
43 Arrange four-cornet composition (8)
44 These people play any pieces back (4)

DOWN

2 I'm minute and hard on the outside, but manage to pick up short musical piece (6)
3 'Soul' composition for one to perform (4)
4 Confirm leader of choir accompanied by little lament in church (6)
5 Instrument Bach wrote for bore a mood that's miserable (2 words, 9)
6 Fellow seen at concert, not soft-headed (3)
8 Perfect theme i.e. and nameless variation (4)
9 Short US soprano beginning to sleep, unwell on bed (4)
13 Part of whistle perhaps beginning to dance inside sustained note (4)
14 Soft song about to rise up mostly — from the wings? (10)
16 Performed by two at the piano, must be exactly timed, twice? (5)
23 Island leaders sing and make opera amusing (5)
28 Stretch needed to reach notes has end of fingers having to move to cover wide area (4)
30 I'm growing woolly conducting Welsh order of monks not long outside (6)
36 Italian composer? Certainly not? (4)
37 French composer old have no longer accompanied (4)
39 This is like a comb with a bit of tissue in central parts (4)

Solution to Salamanca 112



The loss of a dear friend — mother, MA, in this case — supplied by FILS, memorial by GUY. Omissions: machairodus, lipoma, maggot-pie, archimage, tamanu, siamang, Ormazd, manor-house, matelote, homager.

Prizewinner to Salamanca 112

Edward Telesford (Brighton)

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into the cask. Grape selection and a judicious blending of grape varieties are essential to making first-rate Chianti, and that kind of expense is inevitably reflected in the eventual price of the wine.

Despite the enormous investment in the region in recent years, the average quality of most widely available Chianti, on the evidence of blind-tasting 30 examples, is poor, far inferior to, say, Rioja. Chianti Normale has the merit of cheapness, but who wants cheap wine if it's so unpleasant to drink? The best of a poor bunch was a non-vintage wine from Victoria Wine Company (£2.25). Just about acceptable are the 1984 Cecchi (Safeway £2.79) and the 1984 Palazzo (Dominic £2.29), both quaffable and uncomplicated, but not much more. The 1984 Ruffino (Unwin £3.45) was pleasant if somewhat jammy, but not good value.

The disappointment increased with Chianti Classico, not because the wines were bad but because they were, almost without exception, uninteresting and undistinguished. Acceptable examples include a cheap non-vintage Classico from Sainsbury (£2.39) and 1984 Santa Cristina (Victoria £3.59). The 1982 Castellare (Oddbins £4.99) is expensive, but at least it has character. It is somewhat overblown and alcoholic, but it's not insipid, as many other Classicos tend to be. The 1983 vintage is even better, though it is only just beginning to appear in this country. It's a wine of concentration and style, qualities so lamentably lacking in most other widely available Chiantis.

Two good wines from outside the Classico region are the enjoyable and vigorous (and cheap) 1982 Chianti Colli Fiorentini from Waitrose (£2.15) and a very stylish Ruffino, the 1983 Villa di Monte, which has a startling depth of flavour (H. Allen Smith £2.95).

Fortunately, there are some good Riserva wines around. The 1981 Villa Antinori (Majestic £3.85) is still rather young; it's in a delicate style, a wine of finesse rather than richness. I prefer the more rounded and intense 1980 Pasolini (Oddbins £4.39) and the sweet, elegant 1980 Nipozzano (a Chianti Rufina). Three wines stood out: the impressively vigorous 1981 Vills Banfi, the rounded and sumptuous 1981 Valliano (Sainsbury £3.75) and the beautifully fruity 1980 Badia e Coltibuono (though Badia's 1983 Classico was distinctly disappointing). The 1981 Ruffino Ducale is a big wine, still quite tannic, but at around £5 (Dominic, Unwin) it seems rather pricy.

Just after I'd finished tasting the wines discussed above, I was invited to assess a group of two dozen Italian reds, which a group of us tasted blind. One wine stunned us with its stylishness and beautifully balanced oakiness. It turned out to be a Chianti, the 1978 Montesodi, which is made by Frescobaldi who also make Nipozzano. Montesodi, which I had never encountered before, is reputed to be one of the finest wines of Italy. Made from grapes carefully selected from a single vineyard, it is indeed outstanding — as it should be, given its high price. It demonstrated for me the sheer quality that can be attained in this region by conscientious producers and, in contrast, showed how very disappointing is the vast majority of wines shoved on the market as Chianti. Some producers such as Antinori make brilliant wines by blending in more Cabernet than the regulations permit, and such wines have to be sold as modest Vino da Tavola, despite their high price tag. Much as I admire those new concoctions, I can't help regretting that authentic, elegant, fruity Chianti is so hard to find. □

Weekend competition

No 2949 **Set by Margaret Rogers**

Junior members of the Conservative Party's Primrose League used to be called 'Primrose Buds'. How about 'Rosebuds' for members of the new-look, thoroughly democratic, well-dressed Labour Party Young Socialists? How about providing them with a song? Sixteen lines maximum, please, for Wednesday 19 November.

No 2946 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

Ruthless rhymes, for contemporary stars of rock, TV or cinema.

Report **By Rose Dorn**

Funny how few people you hate: Meryl Streep, Wogan, Madonna, Robin Day and anyone who's ever had anthing to do with Wham! Is that *all*? Still, Robert Elms doesn't really fit the categories given (nor does Edwina Currie, but what the hell) and not a lot rhymes with 'Hoskins'. But I don't want to be critical: indeed I've been instructed to try and take a more positive approach to your work, instead of endlessly whining on about sexism, scatology and old jokes. So I'm delighted to report that we had hundreds of quite brilliant entries this week, encouraged, no doubt, by Methuen's extraordinarily generous offer of six (yes *six*) copies of their lead autumn title *When*

Grandmama Fell Off the Boat: The Best of Harry Graham (£9.95 in the best bookshops). We even had an entry telexed from Ghana (nice try, Roy). Unfortunately, due to an ink shortage at our printers, I can only publish ten, although the rest may be seen by appointment. The first six get the book-of-the-year; £5 each to the runners-up.

David Attenborough, studying frogs,
Was savaged by eleven dogs.
'We need one more to make the dozen,'
Shouted David's spiteful cousin.

D. Coop

Cliff Richard always taught that youth
Should not take drugs, and tell the truth,
Abstain from sex and worship God.
Cliff looks OK, but Christ, he's odd!

Basil Ransome-Davies

Rod Stewart when electrocuted
Made a sound which, undisputed,
Was quite the best he'd ever made.
It quickly topped the hit parade.

V. Ernest Cox

What goes 'Tough,
Tough, Tough, Tender'?
Sly Stallone
In a blender.

Jeremy Browne

Down a cliff both tall and steep
Someone pushed Ms Meryl Streep.
Reflect, and don't deplore this fact:
Now you don't have to watch her act.

Carolyn Beckingham

Miss Shirley Bassey has a voice,
Part factory hooter, part Max Boyce,
I suspect she tries to spite us,
Simulating tonsillitis.

Russell Lucas

Esther and a skating horse
Fell into a watercourse.
Hope the horse gets out again —
Nags like that take years to train.

Noel Petty

Edwina Currie is ill,
Must be something she ate.
Someone call an ambulance,
The number's nine-nine-eight.

R. J. Pickles

When both Ronnies took to song,
The studio wiring went wrong
And quite electrified their show,
Leaving the Ronnies all aglow!
We murmured, as the lights grew dim,
'Goodbye to him; goodbye to him . . .'

Eric Swainson

Leslie Crowther's careless wife
Drove over him, and took his life;
She saw the mess, did not recoil,
And quickly filled the sump with oil.

Will Bellenger

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Tocatta Graphics, Tabard House, 116 Southwark Street, London SE1
Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LJ. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

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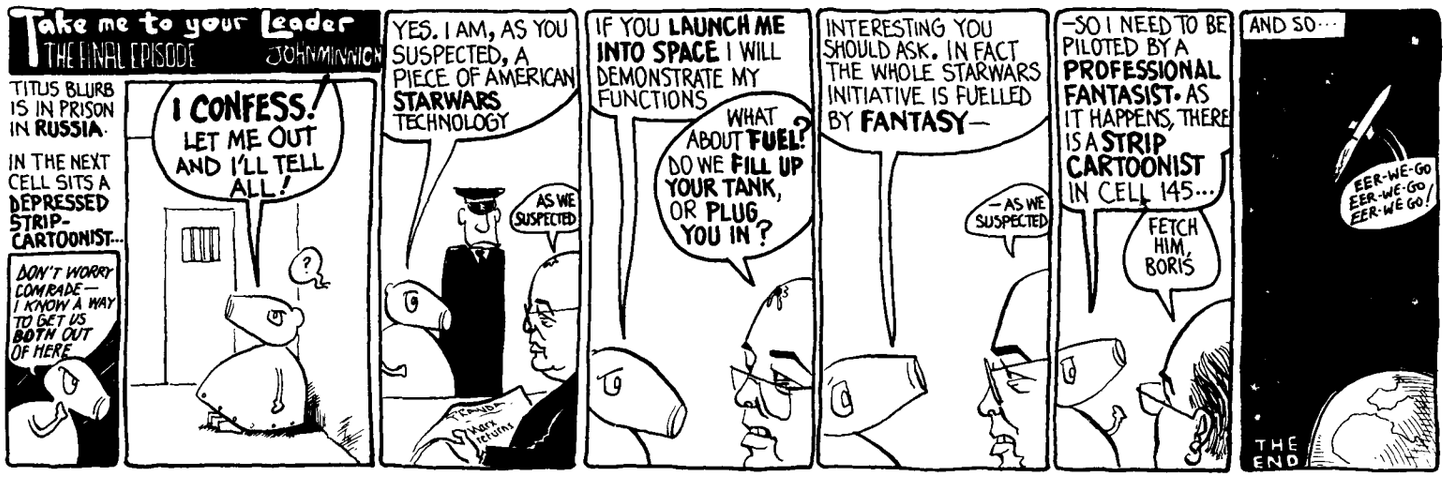
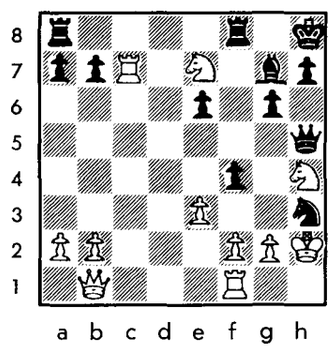

Take me to your Leader
THE FINAL EPISODE
JOHN MINNICH
TITUS BLURB IS IN PRISON IN RUSSIA.
IN THE NEXT CELL SITS A DEPRESSED STRIP-CARTOONIST...
DON'T WORRY COMRADE — I KNOW A WAY TO GET US BOTH OUT OF HERE
I CONFESS! LET ME OUT AND I'LL TELL ALL!
YES. I AM, AS YOU SUSPECTED, A PIECE OF AMERICAN STARWARS TECHNOLOGY
AS WE SUSPECTED
IF YOU LAUNCH ME INTO SPACE I WILL DEMONSTRATE MY FUNCTIONS
WHAT ABOUT FUEL? DO WE FILL UP YOUR TANK, OR PLUG YOU IN?
INTERESTING YOU SHOULD ASK. IN FACT THE WHOLE STARWARS INITIATIVE IS FUELLED BY FANTASY—
—AS WE SUSPECTED
—SO I NEED TO BE PILOTED BY A PROFESSIONAL FANTASIST. AS IT HAPPENS, THERE IS A STRIP CARTOONIST IN CELL 145...
FETCH HIM, BORIS
AND SO···
EER-WE-GO EER-WE-GO EER-WE GO!
THE END

Chess

GAME 11 of the world championship match won the Save & Prosper £10,000 prize for the most brilliant of the 12 played in London. But did Karpov miss a win through sacrificing the wrong knight? I think I can show that he did. This is the position after Kasparov's (Black's) 22nd move:



Karpov played 23. Nexg6+ with the continuation 23 . . . hxg6 24. Qxg6 Qe5 25. Rf7!? Rxf7 26. Qxf7 Ng5 27. Ng6+ Kh7 28. Nxe5 Nxf7 29. Nxf7+ Kg6 leading to an endgame in which Black is just a shade better. By capturing with the other knight he would still have had the knight on e7 to control the g8 square, and that makes a big difference. After **23. Nhxg6+ hxg6 24. Nxg6** Black has three defensive tries, **24 . . . Qe5, 24 . . . Qh7** and **24 . . . Rf5**, but they all seem to be inadequate.

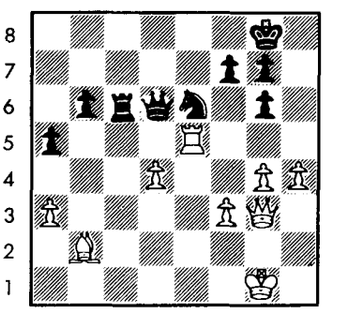
First, the variation in which the difference between the two knight captures is most readily apparent: **24 . . . Qe5 25. Kxh3! fxe3** 25 . . . Rf6 meets the same fate, whilst 25 . . . Qxc7 26. Qh5+ is mate next move. **26. Rh1!** Threatening a deadly discovery with the White King. **Rf4 27. g3** and wins.

So next we turn to **24 . . . Qh7 25. gxh3! Rf6** 25 . . . Be5 is refuted by 26. Rc5!, and if 25 . . . fxe3 26. Qxe6 meeting 26 . . . Rf6 with 27. Qxe3 and 26 . . . Bf6 with 27. fxe3. **26. Qxh7+** It would be tempting to play the more picturesque 26. Rg1!? Rxg6 27. Nxg6+ Kg8 28. Nxf4, but this seems to be only a draw after 28 . . . Re8 29. Rxb7 Kf8. **Kxh7 27. Rg1** and White should win after 27 . . . Rf7 28. Nd5 or 27 . . . fxe3 28. Nf5.

This leaves only **24 . . . Rf5 25. gxh3 fxe3 26. Qxh5+ Rxh5 27. Ng6+ Kg8** 27 . . . Kh7 28. fxe3 Kxg6? 29. Rg1+. **28. fxe3**, which is perhaps the most problematic line. But with an extra pawn and a Rook on the seventh White has every chance to win.

Last week I mentioned the Keene and Goodman book on the match (which, unfortunately, is weak on this critical position). There is another on offer, indeed on special offer to readers of this column. This is *The Book of the World Championship: Kasparov v Karpov London/Leningrad 1986*, obtainable from Chequers, 18 Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. It costs £9.95. But if you order it double quick, citing the *New Statesman*, you can still get this book at the pre-publication price of £2.95. An original feature of the Chequers book is that it presents the match three times over, rather like a Rupert Bear story. First it gives a bare game score, then a complete sequence of diagrams showing the position after each move, and finally a full annotation. The lavish provision of diagrams will be a godsend to commuting chess fans.

An added attraction of the Chequers book is that it appends the scores (without notes) of all 14 games of the Sokolov-Yusupov match. This was Sokolov's Lazarus caper, in which he dug his own grave by losing three times with the White pieces and then at the last moment miraculously scrambled out and buried his opponent. In a match scheduled for 12 games Yusupov led 6-4. Losing the Black side of game 11 did not seem worrying, as a draw with White would suffice in game 12. Yet at the moment of crisis Sokolov sprung a lethal surprise. Here is the position, with Yusupov to play his 42nd move:



He actually played the miserably submissive 42. Qh2. But why isn't the obvious **42. d5** strong? The cunningly concealed reason is **42 . . . Rc2 43. dxe6 fxe6!!** and in spite of his extra Bishop White is completely helpless. In addition to the obvious threat of . . . Rxb2 there is the elegant geometrical motif **44. h5 Re2! 45. Bc3 Qd1+ 46. Be1 Qd4+** and wins. So 6-6 and no surprise that a demoralised Yusupov lost the 2-game play-off.

Finally, here's another special offer. The editor of the lively quarterly magazine *Kingpin*, in search of more subscribers, is dishing out sample copies. If you want one, write to Jonathan Manley, 10 Derwent Gardens, Ilford, Essex, enclosing a large s.a.e. with a 22p stamp.

George Botterill

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
© 1986 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd
Distributed by NS Distribution

Editor: John Lloyd; **Books and Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Writers:** Sarah Benton, Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political Editor), Andrew Lumsden, John Rentoul; **Deputy Books & Arts Editor:** Malcolm Imrie; **Poetry Editor:** Hugo Williams; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Art Editor:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

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Subscription rates: UK & Eire £40; Europe (air mail only £46); rest of world: air speeded £51; air mail £61. USA: air speeded $70; air mail $85. Canada: air speeded Can $90; air mail Can $115.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

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☐ Mr Archer's resignation over his admitted 'lack of judgment' in using an intermediary to pay off a prostitute, who he insists he had never met, will mean that he will not see as much of the Prime Minister as he did. — *The Times*
(Leonard Cox)

☐ This latest case in the long line of political resignations was described by Norman Stone, Professor of Modern History at Oxford University, as 'trivial and absurd'. 'His crime seems to be simply to have made a fool of himself in a situation he should have known how to avoid. One can only imagine that this is some kind of divine retribution for his prose style.' — *Independent*
(Cynthia Hall)

☐ Lambton had been mixing with prostitutes including a Mrs Norma Levy who was to say a month later that she voted for the Conservatives 'because they are my best clients.' — *Western Mail* (Mrs Megan Rees)

☐ There will be those for whom the sight of the word 'Glasgow' on the end of a list that reads Athens, Florence, Amsterdam, Berlin and Paris is a bit like asking Boy George to come up with a suitable ending to the Unfinished Symphony. After Glasgow . . . Slough. — *Edinburgh Evening News*
(Susan Lamb)

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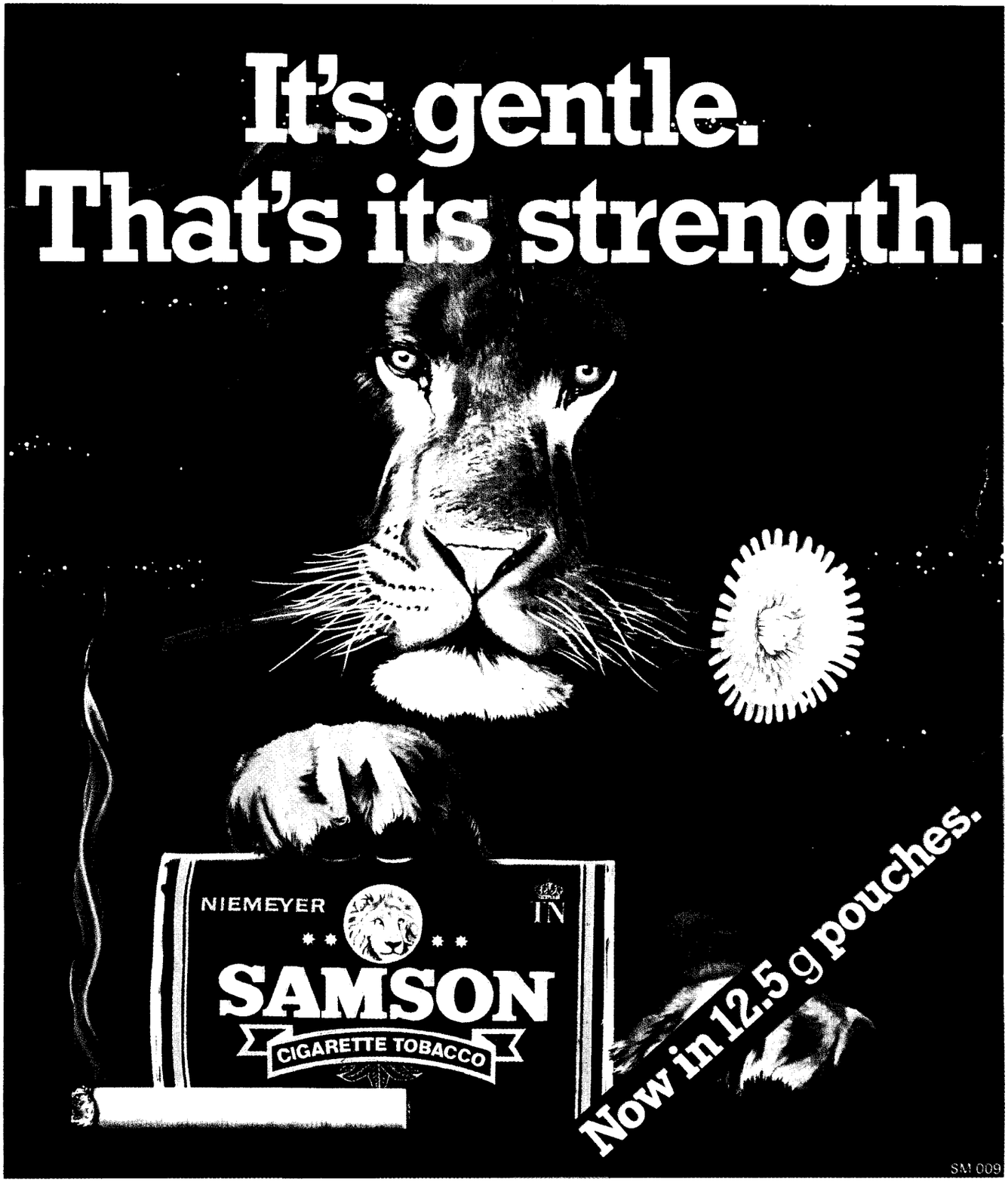

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